

3181

Life

October 27 1927

Price 15 cents



RECEIVED
NOV 1 1927
PERIODICAL DIVISION

*The Girl Who
Broke a Hundred*

JOHN
LA GAY

N. 1.



walking home. Dad will immediately realize your handicap as a *hooper*.



ARROW TWO

On next visit home, be *low*—in your

That's great! And they aren't even irritated. They know we've got a *real* car. Quality from tail-lamp to name-plate, also vice versa. And including such luxuries as the electric clock, gas gauge and cigar lighter. Which may sound as if this Marmon 8 were an



Three ways of attending an out-of-town game.

1. Procure place as ninth passenger in friend's roadster. Equip self with riding breeches and telephone lineman's climbers. *Hang on hard.*
2. Try (try) to get train reservation. There's something awfully jolly about a community cinder-bath.
3. Or how about passing 'em all up in your own Marmon 8? Easy. Just follow the arrows—short detour straight into dad's pocketbook.



ARROW ONE

Get dad down for home game. *Walk* to game . . . Remark popularity of fellows who own cars . . . Act degraded

mind. Cheer up only when Marmon 8 salesman brings 'round Marmon 8.



ARROW THREE

Sit contentedly at dad's side. (Let *him* drive it.) "Know why there's such clean, even firing? Equidistant down-draft manifolding, with gas traveling exactly same distance to each cylinder. No 'starved' end cylinders.

"Say, dad, notice how when you want to stop, you *stop*? Four-wheel brakes that stay equalized.

"Did we go through a chuck-hole—or didn't we? Know why we didn't get a jolt? Springs set in rubber. Lovejoy hydraulic shock-absorbers. Springs totaling 81% wheelbase length.

"Don't say one just *sees* lightning! We're *experiencing* lightning. This is acceleration!

"See the line ahead? Zip around it.

expensive car. Whereas it would be a very economical investment for me."

And so far into the afternoon—or whenever you can pry dad away from the wheel long enough to sign on the dotted line the salesman will show him.

the greatest performer in the world today—bar none

PRICES: \$1795 and upward, all under \$2000, f. o. b. factory, including complete equipment. Moderate down payment enables you to take delivery of Marmon 8 by convenient credit plan.



The Radio Kibitzer

THERE is one special indoor pest
Whom I could slay with fiendish
zest;
Some day I'll sock him on the
crock
With monkey wrench or span-
ner.
He is the egg who claims to know
All things about your radio,
And when you let him hear your
set,
He holds forth in this manner:

"Your speaker's sounding rather flat.
Why don't you turn your rheostat?
Your volume's weak, a new grid
leak
Would help to make it greater.
If I were you I'd look around
And try to find a better ground;
A copper pipe is just the type
But *not* a radiator.

I think you burn your tubes too high.
The proper voltage to apply,
The normal rate to feed the plate,
If I were you, I'd look up.
You should increase your distance
range,
Those tuning coils look mighty
strange—
They're not the kind you'll find
designed
To fit your present hook-up."

And yet I capture from the skies
Sweet madrigals and lullabies,
From silver throats the clearest
notes
Of ballads, songs and snatches.
You'd think that since my set's no
good
This captious nextdoor neighbor
would
Prefer to mow his lawn or hoe
His pet potato patches...

Oh, no! He's Johnny-on-the-spot
Each night at seven on the dot!
His cutting gibes and diatribes
Too long have nightly pricked
me.
Though homicide I haven't tried,
Within my heart I'm satisfied
That if I kill this pesky pill
No jury will convict me!
Arthur L. Lippmann.

Where They Go from Here
AVALLEY inhabited by savages
who have never seen a white
man has been discovered in the
Philippines. Civilization's blessings
will first be extended to the savages
by the Marines.

THIS country will never adopt
polygamy. The divorce courts
couldn't stand the strain



You've got the Ha-Ha's- that's what you've got!

DO you know what a HA-
HA is? Well, it's a ditch
—invisible until you're close
upon it. We looked it up and
we know!

ANYWAY—and here's the
joke—your skin is full
of HA-HA's . . . tiny chasms
in the skin that let all sorts of
danger in; miniature ditches,
invisible fissures and gaps—

*Your skin, my dear, is
chapped, that's what!*

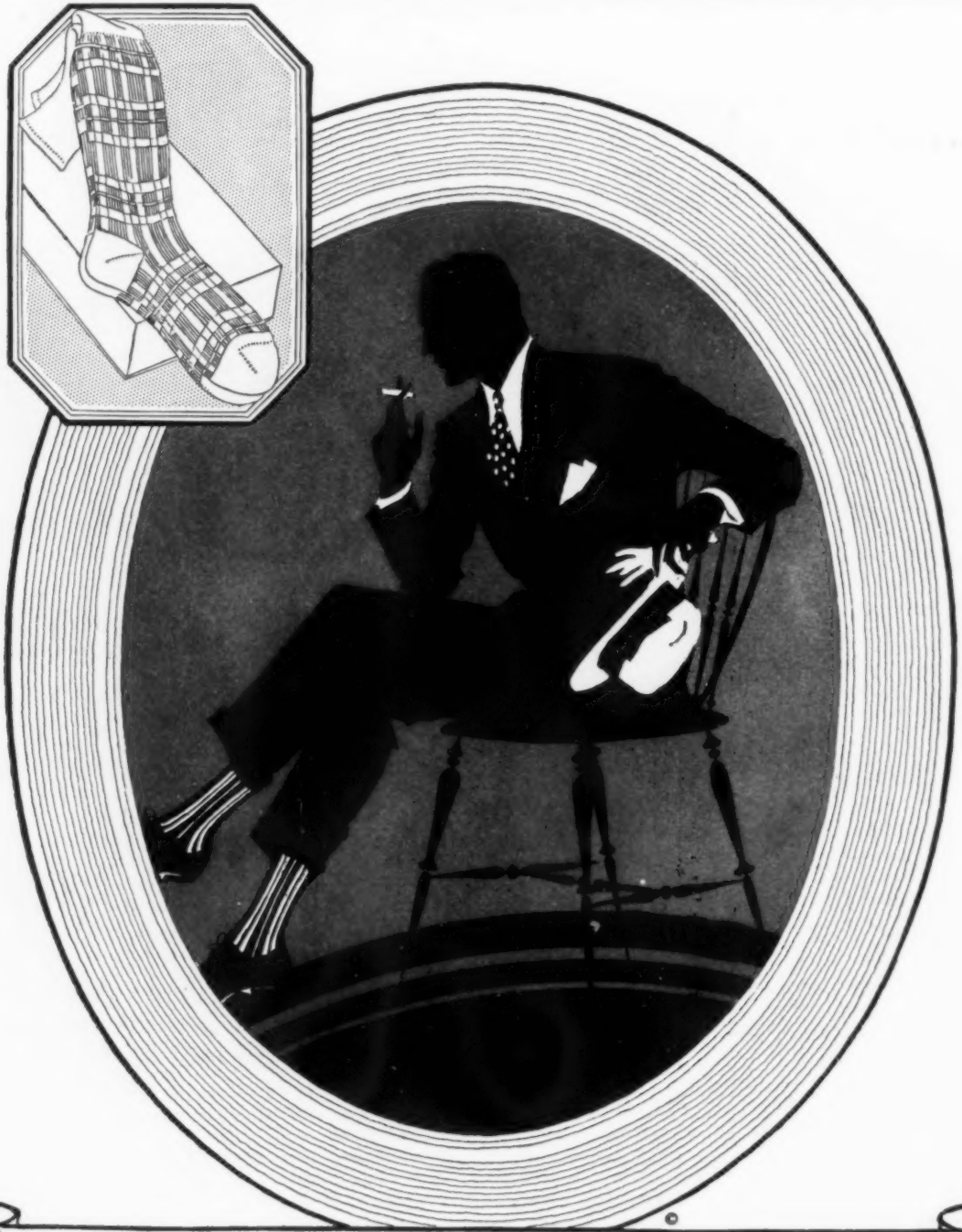
BUT no one calls things by
their maiden names these
days. You've got to think up
a hard one—something fancy
or scientific. Halitosis started
it—and now we're all Ga-Ga.
Which brings us to HA-HA—
and that's what you've got!

ALL of which is interest-
ing, but we sort of forgot
what we meant to do with
this space—

It was to tell you that *Fros-
tilla* is positively the most
remarkable HA-HA cure in
the world. You simply knead
it into the *skin*—and that
scraggy, craggy, graty, knotty
surface becomes limber, lithe,
plastic, pliant, white, smooth
and lovely.

UNDoubtedly, your
favorite store clerk will
show you *Frostilla*—he prob-
ably uses it himself. There's
the dollar size (and a very
generous size it is)—and
there's the fifty cent size, for
those who prefer to call again.

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, New York, U. S. A.

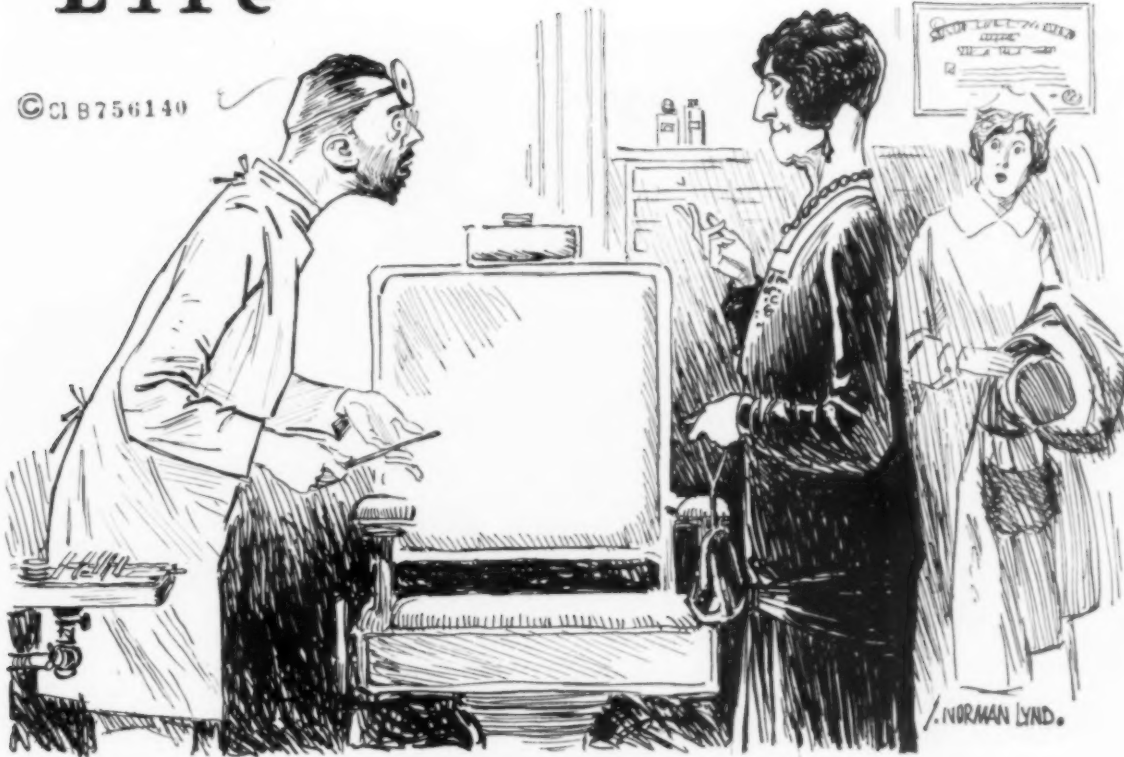


Style is a matter of course when a man selects Phoenix wool-mixed socks. He knows that in this remarkable array of hosiery he always finds colors and patterns correct.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

M I L W A U K E E

© Cl B756140



A Delicate Operation

Beauty Surgeon: WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MADAM?
Madam: I WANT YOU TO MAKE MY NOSE SAUCY.

The Huddle: 1927 Style

QUARTERBACK: Now if we will all bring our influence to bear on Mr. Hardtack, I feel that we may be able to draft him for this next play.

FULLBACK: No. I do not choose to run.

RIGHT TACKLE: All right, let O'Grady try it this time.

LEFT END: I object to a Catholic being allowed to carry the ball. He might take advantage of the situation to pass it to Casey. I realize that he made consistent gains against the Varsity when he was captain of the freshmen team last year, but this is a more serious question.

LEFT GUARD: I wish to take this occasion to apologize to the center for breaking his leg in that last play.

CENTER: He's making a bid for the nomination!

RIGHT HALF (expectantly): I shall not push myself forward as carrier of the ball on this play, but if convinced that it is for the good of the team as a whole...

LEFT END: Gentlemen, it's clear we aren't getting any-

where. Ordinarily, I would prefer to devote my efforts to the advancement of interference, but in the face of this situation, *we*—the pigskin and I—will try for a touchdown.

ALL: You wonderful boy! Why didn't we think of you before?

William J. Pringle, Jr.



"I HEAR YOU STOPPED OFF IN GREECE ON YOUR EUROPEAN TRIP."

"YES; I WANTED TO TASTE SOME REAL AMERICAN COOKING."

Our Next President

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT—"I hope he has something to say for himself."

The Cartoonist—"I hope he has prominent features."

The News-Reel Magnate—"I hope he screens well."

The Editor—"I hope he's quotable."

The Rotogravure Photographer—"I hope he's married and owns a dog."

The Ward Heeler—"I hope he has a big party organization."

The Humorist—"I hope he makes a fool of himself."

The Anti-Saloon Leaguer—"I hope he's obedient."

The Foreign Diplomat—"I hope he's easy."

The Man in the Street—"I hope he will leave me alone."

W. W. Scott.

Slowly, Too

"WHAT ever became of Joe, the parachute jumper?"
 "Oh, he settled down."

SOME people love to go to the movies and some go to the movies to love.



Pastor (at meeting of trustees): I AM GLAD TO REPORT THAT WE HAVE JUST PURCHASED A STAINED GLASS WINDOW FOR THE CHURCH.

Well-fed Trustee: HOW MUCH WILL IT COST TO HAVE THE STAINS REMOVED?

Paris Shapes

"THASSAN offal smart lil hat. ...I onnessly think ibbrings out ya *type* vurry well... Oh, yes-sinned, *all* our shapesa importud. ... Accourse they're made right here inna shop, but *alla shapesa* importud direck from Paruss... Now heresa *sawweet* lil shape... It hazzat sorta dashun air, ya know whatta mean, iss guthat lil flare onna brim... Givesut a vurry saphissicatud look. ... Annit reely looks offal well onya. ... Yar jussa *type* fathat *smart* kina hat, ya know whatta mean?... Now some wimmun can't wearat kina hat *attol*; their head ain't praporshun right fathat *smart* look inna hat, but reely ya head isso well praporshun ijuss seemziff—No, I woon't say iwvazz too low inna brim, but acourse some people likum low an' some don't, iss reely jussa mattera puysonal tace... Here's one thassa triful higher, annis reely a marvluss lil hat... Iss guthat aira distinckshun—iss extremely sheek... Now,

thass reely tremennussly becummun. ... Ya got jussa *pro*-file ta wearem distinctuv hatss... Oh, thass perfelly awright, we're *aw-waze* gladda showa hatss... Can ya beatut, Muydl? Another wanna them mirror-shopuzz that cumminere fa their affernoon's fun cozzare too tita spenna price uvva matnay!... An witha face like *at!*... If I hadat sorta face, Muydl, I'd *scream* if I scena mirror... Anshee wantsa know if tha hatziz from Paruss... *Paruss* ... at three-fifty-nine apiece!... Onness, that wommunud expeck ta get Eyetalyun olluv-oyul outuvva fillun stayshun!"

Heman Fay, Jr.

Modernistic

HOST (appearing on darkened veranda): Are you young folks all enjoying yourselves?

(Absolute silence.)

Host (returning indoors): That's fine!

Glossary of Rooming-House Terms

LOVELY FRONT: Any room in the house, usually facing the court, and supposed to be equipped with

Running Water: Found in advertisements or issuing from

Radiator: An ornamental, aluminumized fixture in one corner, supposed to have some connection with

Steam Heat: Something which is turned on after you leave the house in the morning and turned off before you get back in the evening, by the

Landlady: The woman who goes through your wastebasket and pockets, and to whom you pay the

Rent: Hush-money, which you must turn over promptly on Saturday or you don't get your clean

Towel: A series of large holes held together by small strips of cloth, furnished the

Roomer: One who is accused of stealing towels, along with the

Hot Water: What the roomer is always in, and the

Soap: A fragment of some slippery, insoluble substance in the

Bath Room: The place where somebody else always is.

Asia Kagowan.

DOMESTIC EMPLOYMENT BUREAU



First Cook: SO YOU TALKED BACK TO HER, EH?

Second Transient: YES, I SURE MADE HER SIT UP AND TAKE MY NOTICE!



If the average golfer drove down the highways
as he does on the fairways.

Two Lonely-Heart Column Readers Get Together

HE: How do you do, miss? I am looking for a sincere, refined girl.

SHE: And how do you do, sir? I am looking for a refined, sincere man.

HE: Would I do? I am tall with dark eyes and am a refined Rumanian gentleman of good habits.

SHE: Are you serious-minded and of a neat appearance?

HE: I am. And I am also of a cheerful disposition and a steady worker.

SHE: That helps. Do you play the piano and speak several languages fluently?

HE: No, but I am fond of dancing and billiards. I am a refined house painter by trade, interested in art, travel, and the great out-of-doors.

SHE: Then you might do. I am a refined Swedish lady with blue eyes and a jolly disposition.

HE: I hope you are of the old-fashioned type. Flappers and gold diggers need not apply.

SHE: I am. I am quiet, sensible and home-loving.

HE: Are you fond of wholesome amusements?

SHE: Very fond. I like swimming, skating and all outdoor sports, and am interested in the finer things of life.

HE: Do you know the value of a true and loyal friend?



Just a Bird in a Gilded Cage

He: THAT CUCKOO DOESN'T SEEM TO MAKE ANY NOISE.

She: OH, I KNOW, MY DEAR—IT'S BECAUSE THE POOR LITTLE THING NEVER GETS ANY FRESH AIR OR SUNLIGHT.

SHE: I do. I will be a sincere, refined pal to the right man.

HE: Good. Then let's get together and take in a movie.

W. W. Scott.

He Cuts a Different Figure

HE was formerly a regular fellow, an honest-to-goodness man's man. He knew how to appreciate a good story and he could tell one in fine style. There was absolutely nothing constrained about him. His language was forceful and he was boisterously jovial. With him, it was hail-fellow-well-met. He was one of the boys.

But what a change!

Now, he has assumed a dignified manner. He is quietly soft-spoken, and no word of profanity passes his lips. He is courteously gentle in his every action—subdued. His former ribald laugh has been replaced by merely a pleasant smile. His rough-and-ready air has given way to unimpeachably decorous behavior. He has become a ladies' man.

He is a barber.

Marion E. Burns.

THE tabloid reporter covers a multitude of sins.



THE FIRST CLUB BREAKFAST

TEACHER: Johnnie, what do two pints make?

JOHNNIE (bootlegger's son): Three gallons, miss.



"ISN'T THIS THE MOVIE WE SAW LAST WEEK?"
 "OF COURSE NOT; CAN'T YOU SEE THE STAR'S WEARING A DIFFERENT EARRING?"

One Good Man to His Radio

WELL, old pal, it breaks my heart to think that the hour of our parting is drawing near. We've stuck together through thick and thin and your howls and groans have been more than balanced by the hours of pleasure you have given me. I stayed with you through sops of "In a Little Spanish Town"; through tales about great big fuzzy-wuzzy bears and ukulele numbers; through prize fights, housewives' hours, countless sermons, saxophone and contralto solos, presidential speeches and educational programs. I have not forgotten the big thrill that came one night back

in '25 when I thought I had picked up Vladivostok. You will remember that I didn't reproach you when I learned later that it was a seed-house station in Iowa. But we must part, old pal...you will understand...next year...there's to be another Democratic Convention...good-by, old pal...

Gerald Cosgrove.

Correspondence Course

PROFESSOR: Don't you know anything about literature?

STUDENT: Sure, I've written to all the toothpaste companies for it.

A Few Reasons Why We Separated

BECAUSE she would roar for hours at some half-witted "boy friend's" feeble wheeze but never crack a smile at my drollest quips.

Because she would insist upon being my partner at bridge.

Because she had a habit of every now and then calling me "Joe."

Because she would play the piano for hours on end with one finger.

Because she would get hungry at the most inopportune moments.

Because she was immediately filled with platitudes at the sight of a sunset.

Because she had a habit of every now and then calling me "Jack."

Because her suspicions were invariably well founded.

Because she had a passion for diamond bracelets, ropes of pearls, chinchilla, Hispano-Suizas, orchids, Clicquot '11, and the Colony Restaurant.

Because she had a habit of every now and then calling me "Gus."

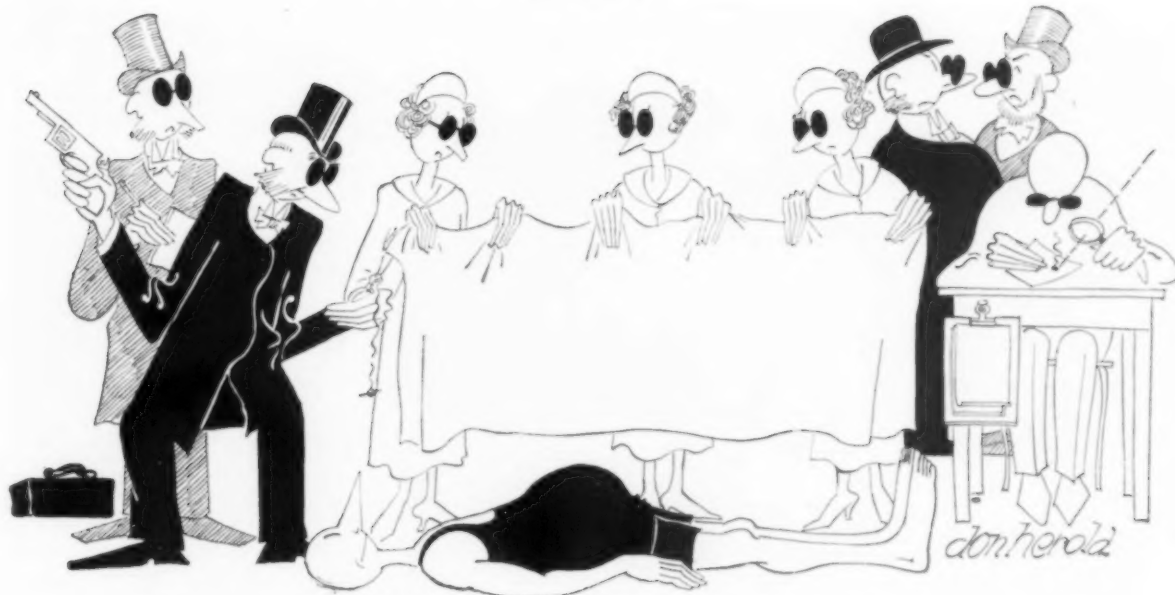
Charles G. Shaw.

Fairy Tale

ONCE upon a time a wife, grown rich, was telling a female friend of the years when she and her husband had toiled and saved to make both ends even approximate a juncture within the same county. "And do you know, my dear," she said, "what was the hardest thing about it all? The fact that I have never had a sense of humor and so could never see the funny side of any situation."



THE SUB-DIVISION REALTOR CUTS A PIE.



THE MILLIONAIRE GETS HIS DAILY FIVE MINUTES OF SUN.

Women Are Funny That Way

THE sign in the barber shop said: "Present a neat appearance. You can win HER by having your hair cut regularly." Well, it kept me pretty nearly broke, but I visited that barber shop every day.

Then I thought perhaps the trouble lay in my social defects and that I was one of these stupidly who never say a word all evening. So I learned French, Spanish, Greek, Crow and Old Crow, Choctaw, Cop-

tic, Cuneiform and Hunt & Pick. I got so cultured up that nobody could pass a wisecrack without my hurling a fast one right back at him.

I drank Listerosis by the gallon, because the advertisement said not to ruin my chances with HER by neglecting it.

You should have seen me delve into Elbert Haldeman-Julius's Serapbook. I knew Aristotle as well as Babe Ruth knows his bat-

ting average. You have to get next to the best minds of history to be able to knock HER for a loop. I found that out in the magazines.

I became an expert on more musical instruments than Paul Whiteman ever heard of. People used to stand entranced outside my window, under the impression that I was the Street Cleaning Department Band and that Lindbergh had just landed again, or something. You can't win HER without Art.

I joined all these clubs that prescribe the best book of the month to you. In that way I got four different books every day. A thorough grounding in current literature always goes great with HER. If you don't believe it I'll show you the clipping that says so.

That wasn't the half of what I did to gain HER love.

And still she regards me as something even the cat wouldn't bring in.

Doesn't SHE know the rules of the game? What's the matter with the girl, anyway?

Tip Bliss.



Prospective Employer: WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE?

Stenographer: THE BOSS GOT FRESH.

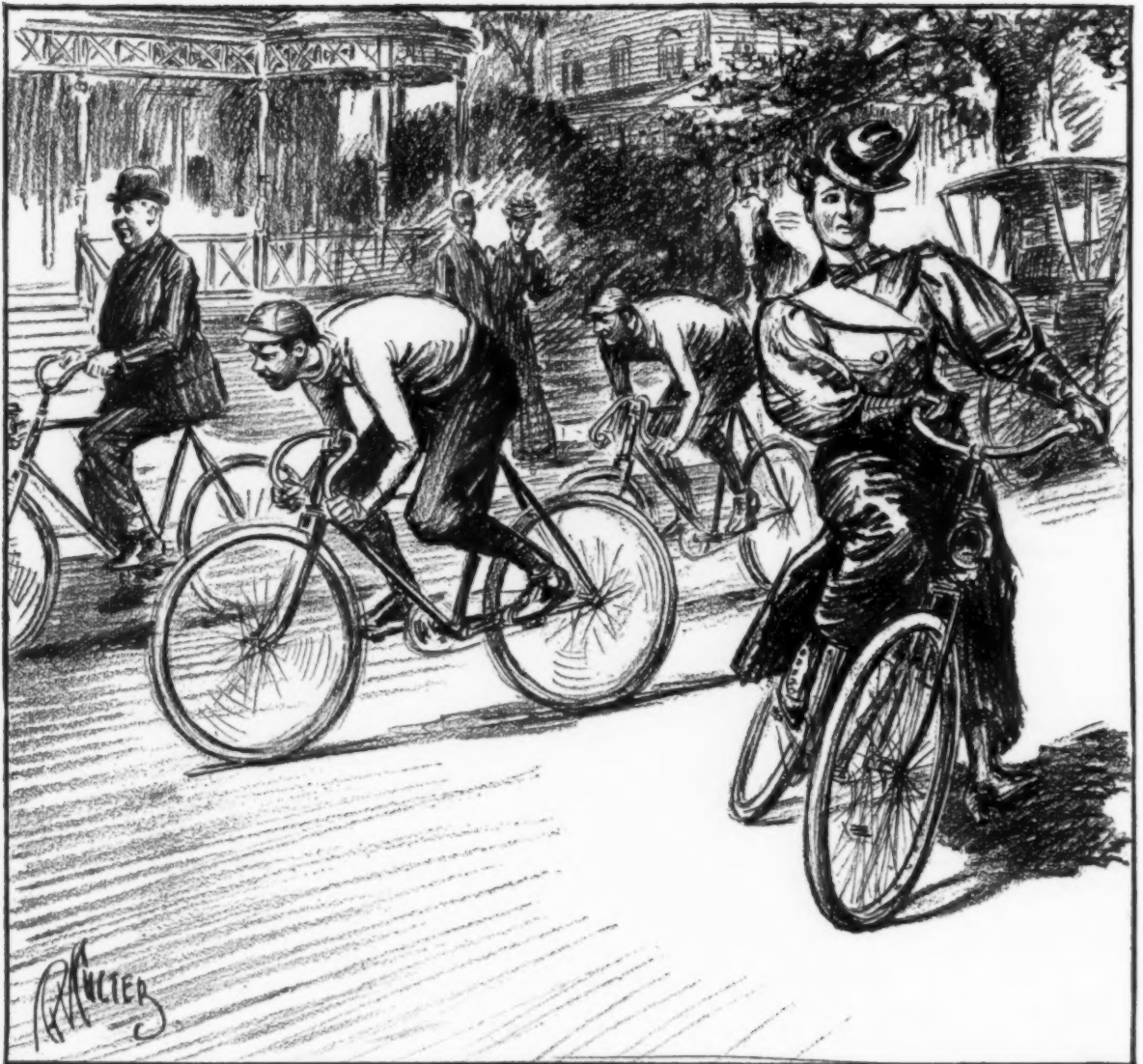
Prospective Employer: AND YOU RESENTED IT?

Stenographer: SURE I DID. HE ALWAYS WAITED UNTIL AFTER FIVE O'CLOCK.

Seasonal

CALLER: Mr. Smithson in conference?

SPORTING OFFICE BOY: Y'eh, the old boy's gone into a huddle.



The Gay Nineties

EVER SINCE THE FIRST DEMON NEANDERTHAL CRASHED THROUGH THE SWAMPS ON HIS RACING DINOSAURUS, SCATTERING THE CAVE-DWELLING PROMENADERS BACK INTO THE OOZE, EVERY GENERATION HAS HAD ITS SPEED NUTS. THOSE OF THE NINETIES TOOK THE FORM OF BOW-BACKED CYCLISTS WITH "RAM'S-HORN" HANDLE-BARS AND WERE KNOWN AS "SCORCHERS."

Impressions of a City Desk

"CUT this stuff, Mac—this wine, woman and song racket faded out of the picture when Dewey got home...that's the stuff, jazz it up...some one get that damned phone...copy!...here's a darb—who wrote this head?...sounds like the *Christian Science Monitor*... use this—Woman Shoots Self as Love Try Fails...get a new late lead on this flapper flight for the final, Ed...get a love angle on it...what the hell do people care about an Atlantic hop?...jump over to headquarters, one of you bright photographers, and get a smear of gunman Bill reading the Bible—get some tears and

we'll make the front page out of that dumb bloke yet ...cut this thing down to four sticks—what do you think we are running, the *Congressional Record*?... copy!...Joe, send one of the editors of the *Harvard Crimson* down to get a blurb on that fire on Bleeker Street...sure, tell him about three sticks on it and that he will probably make the front page...get that phone ...a murder in Jersey?...take it, Ed—nothing like a good Jersey murder...say, those babies over there know how to put on a murder...copy!..."

J. D. Ratcliff.

A Short Short Story

HE loved her.
 She loved him.
 They loved each other.
 But his mother didn't like her mother.
 And her mother didn't like his mother.
 And her father didn't like his income.
 And his father didn't like her extravagance.
 So they were married and lived quite unhappily until his father and her father and his mother and her mother all became grandparents.
James A. Sanaker.

Hollywood Idyl

"HELLO, Moc."
 "Hello, Joe."
 "Did ja hear about the great break Betty Ostermoor got? Five-year contract over at Magnificent."
 "Yeh, I knew she was gonna get it a coupla weeks before any o' these other klucks heard it. Betty's a swell kid."
 "Yeh, she's a great little dame. She sure deserves a good break."
 "Yeh, she's a great kid an' she's got a great future ahead of her."



He: BILLY THE KID, THE FAMOUS ARIZONA DESPERADO, KILLED NINETEEN MEN BEFORE HE WAS TWENTY-ONE.
 She: WHAT KIND OF A CAR DID HE DRIVE?



First Chorus Girl: WHY DID SUCCESS GO TO HER HEAD?
 Second Chorus Girl: SO MUCH PARKING SPACE THERE.

"Yeh, I sure like Betty. But of course she ain't no actress."
 "Sure, she's a lousy actress—an' she ain't good-lookin'."
 "She's gettin' kinda old, too."
 "Yeh, she was kinda old down at Sennett's back in 1914."
 "Yeh, the only way they can make her look good in a close-up is to photograph her through a Navajo blanket."
 "She won't last long over at Magnificent. These long-term contracts is all hooley."
 "Yeh, contracts don't mean a thing in this racket."
 "Well, gimme a buzz over at the club some time."
 "Yeh. Don't run over no traffic cops."
 "So long, Joe."
 "So long, Moc."
Robert Lord.

Rather!

LOIS: But, dear, why can't we go to California on our honeymoon?
 ADVERTISING WRITER: Prices slightly higher west of Rockies, you know.

Forecast

INDICATIONS are that the big news event of 1928 will be a non-stop flight from Cedar Rapids to Irkutsk made by a blindfolded grandmother who will carry, in her plane, a lion perched on top of a flag-pole.



Faithful

Father: SONNY, WHO WAS IT BILL ROLLINS WAS KISSING OUT THERE ON THE PORCH LAST NIGHT?
 Junior: I PROMISED SIS NOT TO TELL.



"WILL I WIN? SAY, I NEVER FELT MORE LIKE BEIN' FOULED IN MY LIFE."

How to Nurse a Poker Party Along Till Three A. M.

PUT it up to the players as men and citizens to stay with the game all night. Explain that poker inculcates the civic virtues: truthfulness, generosity, loyalty, tolerance and so on. About eleven o'clock bring in a pitcher of nice cool milk or alfalfa tea to promote sociability. Give prize of Pocket Diary to player who is ahead at three A. M.; this will lend interest to the game,

or

SELL the game to them as a business proposition. Show that the hard-headed business man plays poker for training in team work, sound judgment of values, caution and self-control. Provide graph sheets so that each player may find the evening's production average. Ask each player, at suitable intervals, to make a short inspirational talk on poker. Hang pasteboard clock dial on wall, with "Over the Top" painted in red letters beside three o'clock. Move hand forward every hour amid cheering. Serve apple pie à la mode to provide proper business atmosphere,

or

GET ahead and stay ahead; announce to the losers that you're

definitely going to lay down your cards and quit at the stroke of midnight. The game will break up sometime the following afternoon.

Heman Fay, Jr.

TEACHER: What is an auk?

JIMMY: What comes out of Jeff when Mutt crowns him.

The Man Who Saw the Big Game Meets the Man Who Merely Read About It

"**I** HEAR you saw the State game."
"Yeah. I ran up with a bunch of the boys. Great."

"Say, that must have been great, the way Giffen started towards the left end, reversed his field twice, and shook off all those tacklers."

"Yeah. We had some nice stuff along, too. Best I've had in months."

"It was a good idea of Skragor-senson to send in Kishing to kick when he did, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. Jake had that big gallon flask of his along. But it's a funny thing, Jake can't hold much."

"I wish I could have seen that kid Mickels. Is it true he heaves the old pigskin like a baseball?"

"Yeah. There was a little blonde sitting in front of us. She asked us for a shot. She emptied my flask—half-a-pint. Didn't faze 'er."

"The boys gained a nice lead, and they certainly held it, didn't they?"

"Yeah, we all held it pretty well—only Jake, he..."

Tupper Greenwald.

Sideshow Tragedy

G IANT: What happened to the India Rubber Man?

DWARF: Haven't you heard? The crowd mistook him for the Human Pincushion and he had to go out to be vulcanized.



"**BUT** REALLY, MY DEAR, IT IS SHAMEFUL THE WAY THEY ABUSE THE HORSES OUT HERE."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October 4th Most of the morning gone in trying to establish telephone connections, the service on our exchange being so poor these days that Sam does suspect our wire of being watched by sleuths on the wrong, as usual, track. To luncheon at an inn with Fifi Fidler, and near us sat Mr. Rickard, the prizefight promoter, bearing out the sports writers by quaffing a great beaker of milk. Much talk of Fi's travels in Europe with Sally Fairfax, whose Negro maid, transported by Sally as much for her conversation as her services, quoth, after watching the roulette at Monte Carlo, "The way for you to win that game, Miss Sally, is to buy yo'self a little rake." Thence with Marge Boothby to the Exposition of Women's Arts and Industries, vast and extremely engrossing, and we did characteristically pass by all the booths wherefrom we might have derived domestic advantage, but stood spellbound before the exhibits of artificial eyes, bridge scores, pickles, soothsaying and cosmetics, and I was obliged literally to drag Marge



Broadcasting the Game

Jimmie: I BET YOU DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT FOOTBALL.
 Angelica: MAYBE I DO. WHAT IS IT?



Los Angeles Romance

The Movie Star: I CAN NEVER MARRY YOU, JOE, BUT...
 He: BUT WHAT?
 She: IF YOU'LL DROP AROUND AT THE STUDIO TO-MORROW, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO MY DOUBLE.

away from the Bureau for Self-Understanding. I was at some pains, too, to keep her from signing for a course in numerology costing one hundred dollars, only the assurance that she could duplicate it in the popular science series at the five-and-ten-cent stores having any weight with her soever as an argument. There was one woman advocating correct posture and one eager to do silhouettes, both of whom we did evade with blushes and protests. This night to our first big dinner of the season, and it was so dreary a business that I could not but regretfully recall similar and happier occasions of the past summer wherein the guests seemed to have sprung up naturally about the table, and not as if they had been thrust there by an act of God or the elements. Home betimes, reading in Hendrik Van Loon's "America," a beautiful and fascinating book respectively as to format (Please turn to page 29)

The Inexperienced Proverb-Maker

IN reading an old manuscript I found this proverb: "Things which are not practical Are not desirable."

After pondering the statement, I concluded that the experience Of the author with women Had been extremely meagre.

Chester Lee Quong.

1927 Model

"FATHER," began the Beautiful Girl as she came into the August Presence, "I want you to help me do something about George."
 "Huh," grunted the old man. "Want to get married, eh?"
 "No, Father," went on the Beautiful Flapper. "We were married secretly six weeks ago. I want you to help me get a divorce."



OCTOBER 27, 1927

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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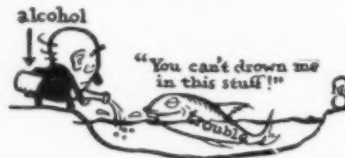
EVEN in his name our new Ambassador ought to be acceptable to Mexico.

Doubtless they will address him as Señor Mañana, or they might if they were a little more Spanish. It cannot be said, though, that Mexico just now presents the aspects of a mañana country. On the contrary, President Calles seems a prompt hand. Whether his policy of exterminating his rebellious adversaries is the right policy for the situation he has on his hands is a question open for discussion and no doubt our Mr. Morrow will consider it and probably discuss it with his friend President Coolidge. But that will be private, worse luck, for we should all like to know what he will say. We shall probably know in time, for Mr. Morrow has not gone to Mexico for nothing, and what he thinks may be expected to have influence in any proceedings there in which our Government has the temerity to indulge.

But Mr. Morrow for the moment is Ambassador to a hornet's nest. If the country was a railroad, one would say it had got to be reorganized. Probably Calles has attempted too much—crowded the Church too hard; ditto the foreign investors; yet he has seemed to be on the right track and more for Mexico than for Calles. These generals that he is executing make rather a gory mess, but the Mexican habit of taking to the field at the approach of an election and trying to shoot it out is not a habit that is conducive to successful democratic government. Every-

body hereabouts wants Mexico to be a republic and an example in orderly self-government, but in spite of all good wishes, she seems still to incline towards autocracy.

But so does Chicago, as witness the government of her present Mayor, the means he used to get office, the means he uses to keep it.



THE World reports from Washington that the Anti-Saloon League is getting ready to spend upwards of two million dollars in next year's presidential campaign. They want a bone-dry President and to beat every congressional candidate who is a Wet, and all such other Wets as Governor Smith, Governor Ritchie, and Senator Reed of Missouri. No doubt they will conduct an earnest campaign, but probably the time has not yet come to them to consider the present rum laws and whether they can be so improved as to be enforceable without depriving them of what power for good they have. Two million dollars spent on more power for the Drys will not do as much good as a quarter of that sum, or even less, spent on re-investigation of the drink problem. Seven years of Prohibition have surely added to the knowledge of what can and what cannot be done by law to diminish the evils of drink. If we don't know more about Prohibition now than we did when the Amendment was passed, the public mind must be much too much en-

grossed with baseball, motor cars, flyers, swimmers and prosperity.

REALLY, current problems are very difficult. Take the problem of providing government for Mexico, the rum problem, the problem of Rapid Transit in New York, all complicated and bemuddled by the great problem of giving the people what they want. If we could take the rum problem away from the Wets and the Drys and concentrate knowledge and experience on it, devising means by which the greatest good to the greatest number could be promoted so far as drinks were concerned, its solution would not be an incredible achievement. But we cannot do it that way. We have to do it by the slower but possibly surer process of giving people what they want.

It is very much so with the Rapid Transit problem. There are plenty of experts on it but when their plans have been set forth, the final referee is the voter, and how can the voter be persuaded that it is to his advantage to pay more than five cents to ride in the subways!

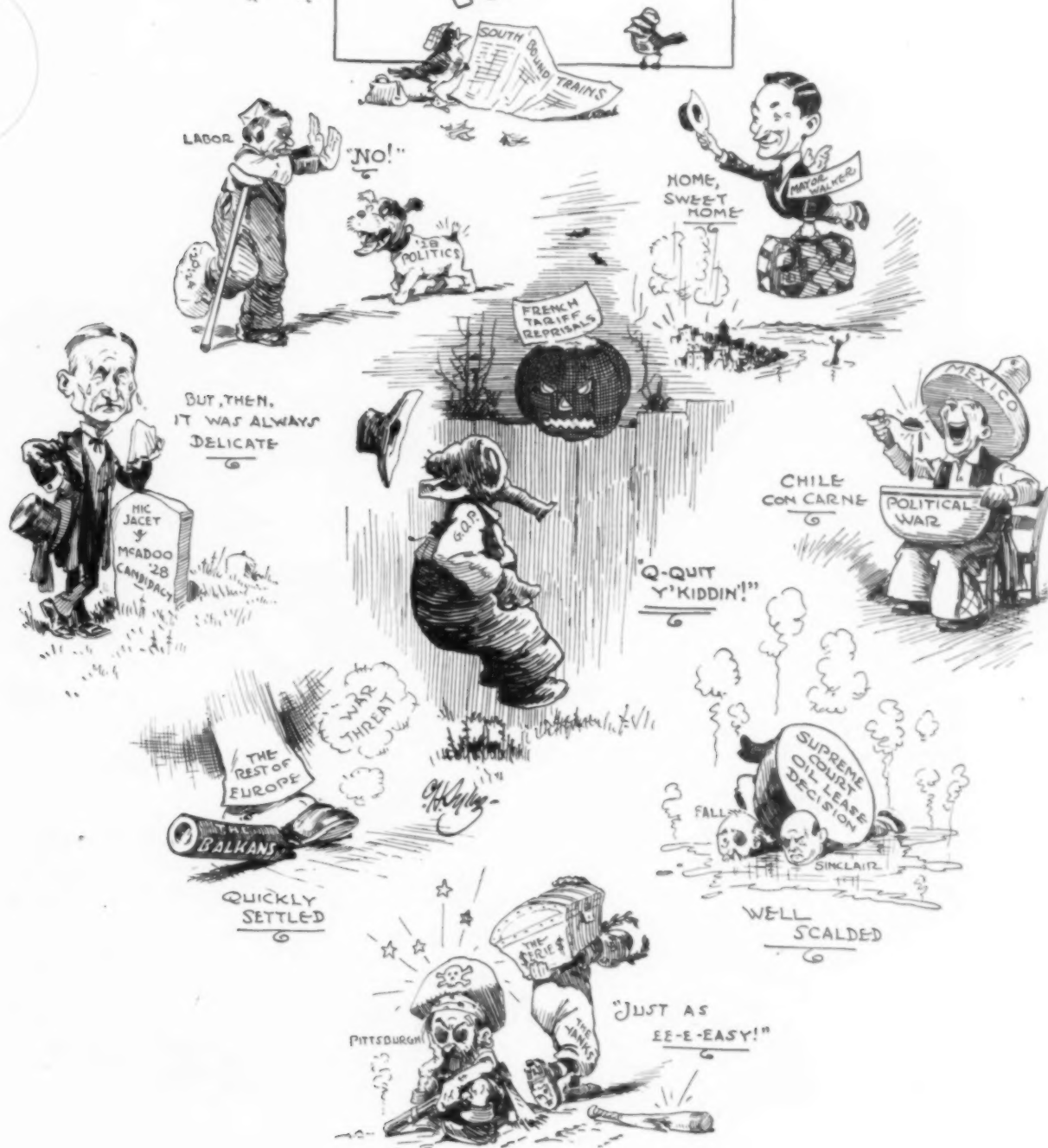


THE Spiritualist paper *Light* (of London), which is a wise and able organ of its cult, discusses the many prophecies of impending calamity affecting the immediate future of this world and says the latest news is that the great physical catastrophes that were looked for have been averted, and that what we are in for is mental conflicts.

That may be. There are prospects of mental conflicts a-plenty in this world for some time to come, and they can be troublesome enough even if they do not run into war. Changes in life the last twenty years have been enormous and the adjustment to them involves a vast amount of friction, as also and consequentially larger appropriations for lunatic asylums and sanitariums. The strain of life is very great for many people these days, and when you come to think of it, it is quite as bad to lose one's hold on self-control as it is to be killed in battle, and furthermore, much more expensive.

E. S. Martin.

THE MONTH



LABOR "NO!"

POLITICS

HOME, SWEET HOME

MAYOR WALKER

FRENCH TAQIFF REPRISALS

BUT, THEN, IT WAS ALWAYS DELICATE

MIC JACET & MEADOO '28 CAMBRIAGY

G.O.P.

CHILE COM CARNE

POLITICAL WAR

Q-QUIT Y'KIDDIN!"

THE REST OF EUROPE BALKANS

QUICKLY SETTLED

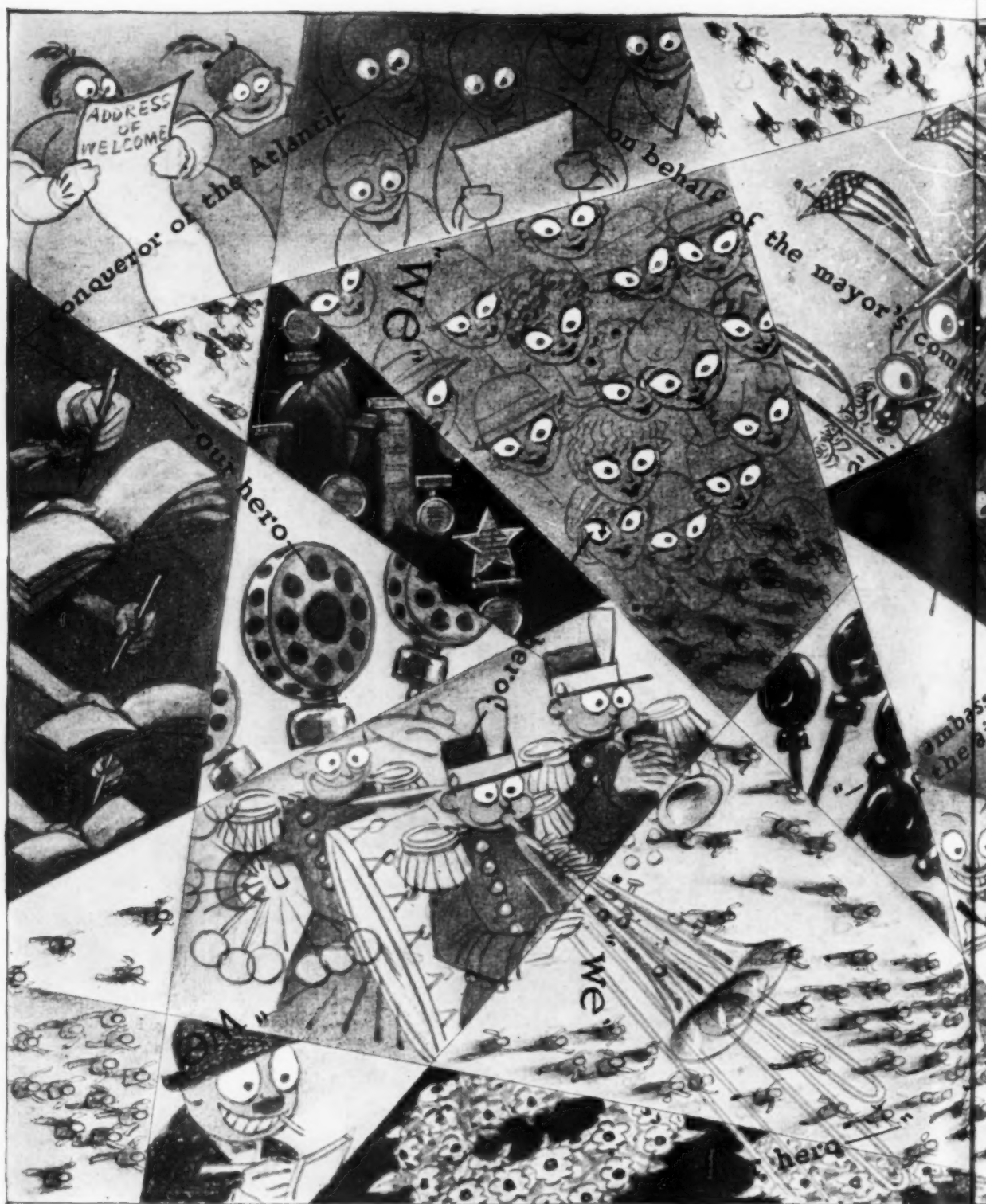
SUPREME COURT OIL LEASE DECISION

WELL SCALDED

PITTSBURGH THE REST OF THE WORLD

JUST AS EE-E-EASY!"

Ch. Kelley



So This Is Fame!

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Belt. *Playwrights*—To be reviewed later.
Creoles. *Klaw*—Quite a lot of not much.
Dracula. *Fulton*—Reviewed in this issue.
An Enemy of the People. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in Ibsen, and worth seeing.
Escape. *Booth*—To be reviewed later.
Four Walls. *John Golden*—Among the East Side gangsters and their worries. Well acted but at times a bit incredible.

Hidden. *Lyceum*—Philip Merivale and Beth Merrill in something about a lady who knew what she wanted but couldn't get it.

The House of Women. *Maxine Elliott*—A slightly dull dramatization of "The Green Bay Tree," with Elsie Ferguson and Nance O'Neil.

In Abraham's Bosom. *Provincetown*—The tragedy of being a Negro, effectively told.

Jacob Slovak. *Greenwich Village*—Another story of race prejudice, with José Ruben as the victim.

The Ladder. *Cort*—What with the fall preserves to put up and football to go to, it is doubtful if we ever get around to seeing the new version of this.

The Letter. *Morosco*—Katharine Cornell in a sketch by Somerset Maugham. Not much one way or the other.

Porgy. *Guild*—The Theatre Guild's first production of the year, a play acted entirely by Negroes. To be reviewed next week.

Revelry. *Masque*—A play which all Federal tax-payers should at least know about, showing, as it does, how certain officials have made good.

The Spider. *Music Box*—Judging from the lawsuits over this murder mystery play a lot of people had this idea first. The present management got to Broadway first, however, which was smart of them.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—We now understand that this is not leaving after all. Oh, very well, *don't*, then!

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *National*—A complete murder trial and twice as interesting as a real one. Ann Harding and Rex Cherryman are the principals.

Women Go On Forever. *Forrest*—A mixture of serio-comic crime and degradation which emerges, on the whole, as a rather fine play. Not for tender minds, however. Mary Boland plays the lead.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—The bi-annual rumor that this is about to close is having no effect on us. We don't get caught again.

The Baby Cyclone. *Henry Miller's*—Grant Mitchell in a highly amusing little farce by George M. Cohan.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—At the present writing, still the best all-around dramatic entertainment in town.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—Love on the burlesque wheel combined with some very good comedy. Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck head the cast.

The Command to Love. *Longacre*—Something for the nudgers and gigglers, with Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone.

The Garden of Eden. *Selwyn*—An old story (with a new ending) stretched into an elaborate frippery, with Miriam Hopkins and Alison Skipworth lending distinction to it.

Her First Affaire. *Bayes*—Some idea of being daring was evidently in the minds of the management of this harmless bit.

High Gear. *Wallack's*—To be reviewed later.

The Ivory Door. *Charles Hopkins*—To be reviewed later.

Jimmy's Women. *Billmore*—Nothing important.

The Matrimonial Bed. *Ambassador*—To be reviewed later.

Murray Hill. *Bijou*—Mildly pleasant farce with Genevieve Tobin and Glenn Anders.

The 19th Hole. *Cohan*—By and with Frank Craven. To be reviewed next week.

Pickwick. *Empire*—Several dozen Dickens characterizations.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Showing, with a delightful disregard for accuracy, how Jane Cowl, with the aid of Mother Nature, saved Rome.

Romancing 'Round. *Little*—Ralph Morgan and Helen MacKellar in a trifle.

The Shannons of Broadway. *Martin Beck*—James Gleason and Lucille Webster in some of the best comedy—and hokum—on Broadway.

The Springboard. *Mansfield*—With Madge Kennedy and Sidney Blackmer. To be reviewed next week.

Synthetic Sin. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Taming of the Shrew. *Garrick*—With Basil Sidney and Mary Ellis in modern dress. To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Allez-Oop! *Earl Carroll*—A revue containing some funny sketches and some not so funny. Victor Moore, Esther Howard and Charles Butterworth.

Chauve-Souris. *Cosmopolitan*—M. Balleff's new show. To be reviewed next week.

The Five O'Clock Girl. *Forty-Fourth St.*—With Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw. To be reviewed next week.

Follies of 1927. *New Amsterdam*—Eddie Cantor in one of Mr. Ziegfeld's expenditures. Not so good as the best, but better than many.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—A whirlwind dancing show which ought to please.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—Several established song-hits, some comical lines and Charles King, Louise Groody and Stella Mayhew.

Just Fancy. *Casino*—With Raymond Hitchcock and Santley and Sawyer.

Manhattan Mary. *Apollo*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Merry Malones. *Erlanger's*—Musical comedy of the old school, by and with George M. Cohan in person.

The Mikado. *Royale*—The third in Winthrop Ames' series of memorable revivals.

My Maryland. *Jolson's*—Shubert Civil War.
My Princess. *Shubert*—With Hope Hampton and Robert Woolsey. To be reviewed later.

A Night in Spain. *Winter Garden*—Phil Baker talking with Syd Silvers in the box, Marion Harris singing, and Ted Healy clowning make this evening worth while.

Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbilt*—The last week of one of the most satisfactory musical shows that we have seen. Helen Ford and Lulu McConnell.

Rang Tang. *Majestic*—High-class Negro show.

Sidewalks of New York. *Knickerbocker*—Ray Dooley in a show for the thousands who liked "Honeymoon Lane."

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—Walter Catlett, Ada May and Bert Wheeler in one of Mr. Ziegfeld's eye-feasts.

White Lights. *Ritz*—To be reviewed later.

Yes, Yes, Yvette. *Sam H. Harr's*—To be reviewed next week.



"MY, IT MUST BE NICE TO BE ABLE TO DO THAT! NOW I CAN'T EVEN DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE WITH A RULER."



Avoiding the Issue

THE first review we ever wrote for this paper we devoted to a lengthy and highly literary attempt to explain why Ed Wynn was funny. And here we are, after eight years, trying to do it again.

Mr. Wynn is a great temptation to writers about the theatre, because he presents what seems at first to be a subject which can be handled with ease and yet with a certain amount of analytical and academic impressiveness. He is the kind of comedian that people write about for the *Yale Review* or the *Dial*, because he offers a cosmic aspect together with the chance to quote a few good gags.

But all the writing in the world never seems quite to explain the phenomenon. When you have written all you have to say, there still remains something to be brought out. You may isolate the germ plasm which makes you laugh at him, but you can't explain the feeling you have inside you while you are laughing.

And if that isn't a perfect example of the kind of ineffectual Ed Wynn analysis we mean, we have never read any. We did a better job in the first article we wrote on the subject.



THE current Ed Wynn vehicle is called "Manhattan Mary," and is Mr. George White's latest taunt to Mr. Ziegfeld. It is another great big show, not so scandalizing as his *Scandals* but containing much the same sort of entertainment-value. It has a plot which centers around the adventures of the personable Miss Ona Munson in getting a job in—of all shows—the *George White Scandals*. Lou Holtz is there and performs the difficult task of getting laughs in a show with Mr. Wynn. On one occasion he even does his specialty alone on the stage with Mr. Wynn, while the latter merely stands by, shaking his head with polite interest in the proceedings. It is a brave thing for Mr. Holtz to do, but he makes the grade.



GEORGE WHITE himself appears at one point in the show and demonstrates his new heel-and-toe manoeuvre—the "five-step." It was Mr. White who introduced the *Black Bottom* a season or two ago, but nothing seems to have frightened him out of the idea of going ahead with his missionary work.

The five-step seems a little complicated for country-club dancing. We are certain that we could never have

mastered it, not even before we threw our knee out last summer. But Mr. White seems to do it very well himself and to have taught lots of people in his show to do it. It does, however, appear to be a step which is going to call for a lot more swinging-space than is afforded by the average night-club dance-floor. The carnage is likely to be frightful if more than two couples start doing it. Perhaps a good carnage might not be a bad thing in the average night club.



WE are discussing all these features of "Manhattan Mary" at such length because we feel that, if we don't, we shall get on an analysis of Ed Wynn. It is, we feel, that detached, wistful acceptance of the world and its burdens which shines through those spectacles which is—

And then there are the melodious McCarthy Sisters and Mr. Paul Frawley, who has probably misunderstood more heroines and later forgiven them in the finale than any other juvenile on the American stage. You wouldn't believe that a young man *could* misunderstand a girl like Ona Munson as blindly as Mr. Frawley does, but it doesn't seem to make any difference to her. She is right back under his window the next night. And Mr. Wynn is there helping her, with that inexorable sang-froid even in the face of what must be intense personal excitement, that understanding of the ages, that—



IT is much easier to make the first act of a horror play creepy than any of the following acts, for in the first act everything is yet to happen. The first act of "Dracula" is effective enough to make even the bravest theatregoer tear off the corners of his program and swallow them.

But as soon as the things actually begin to happen and you see the electric red eye flashing on and off through a cloud of very steamy-smelling steam, and observe a large property bat being waved at you through an open door, some of the blind belief in the Un-Dead which possessed you in the beginning gives way to a more rational point of view and you sit back with a brave sneer on your lips which is wiped off only on such occasions as you may feel called upon to faint.

Say, it would be very funny if the trained nurse whom Mr. Liveright has installed at the *Fulton Theatre* to take care of terrified customers should turn out to be Ed Wynn in disguise. We get a laugh out of just *writing* of that possibility.

Robert Benchley.



Off-Stage with Famous Vaudevillians
The Magician Forgets His Railroad Tickets

The Wrong Steer

"H'M," mused the Great Detective, "you say you have missed several things from your wardrobe lately? Well, let me see. When did they begin to disappear?"

"I first missed my cane on the nineteenth of November——"

"Aha! Proceed."

"Then three laundered stiff shirts vanished from my bureau. I didn't mind that so much, nor did I object to the loss of several new ties, but things began to look serious when I couldn't find my fur coat."

"Just as I thought," chuckled the Great Detective, "just as I thought. Anything else?"

"Yes," replied the client; "one more little thing. My roadster disappeared from the garage two nights ago."

"Conclusive!" exclaimed the master. "Absolutely conclusive!" And then he smiled a sly smile. "How is your son getting along at college?" he asked nonchalantly.

"My son?" queried the householder. "I haven't got a son."

"Good God, man!" exclaimed the Great Detective. "You've been robbed!"

Parke Cummings.



Spoiled His Fun

Frances: DON'T YOU REALLY CARE FOR KISSING?

Otis: NOT SINCE I WAS DECORATED BY A FRENCH GENERAL.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I met the MOST deLIGHTful man at DINNER the other night—really I don't know WHEN I've been so THOROUGHly inTRIGUED with any one because I mean he was SIMPLY FAScinating—you know the type! Well, ANYways, what sort of apPEALED to me about him was the TERRibly sort of INT'resting things he SAID. I mean I simply LOATHE sitting next to some POIsonous little PIP-squeak who does NOTHING but try to FLIRT desp'rately with you and keeps saying just SILLY sort of THINGS all the entire time, do you know what I mean? But THIS man was awfully sort of DIF'rent than the USual type of men you MEET because he TALKED the most b'YUtiful ENGLISH and I mean I simply ADORED to LISTen to him because everything he SAID was so sort of poETic and all. And, my dear, he was HONestly the most oRIGINAL man I've ever MET because he kept making all these terribly oRIGINAL sort of reMARKS. F'r instance he said that a b'YUtiful GIRL always reminded him of a FLOWer or something, which is a terribly pretty THOUGHT, don't you really think it IS, my dear? And I mean it is something that not EVERYbody would THINK of, do you really think it IS? Well, ANYways, I was SIMPLY FAScinated because he said the flower that I reminded him of was a PANSy because the PANSy was the flower that combined the QUALities of seRENity, b'YUty and MODesty in the MOST har-MONious acCORD or something—can you BEAR it, my dear? But I mean I HONestly think it was AW-fully sort of CLEVER of him to sort of THINK that OUT and I mean I REALly think it is a TERribly exCITing iDEA to have somebody awfully inTELLigent like that call you a PANSy—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

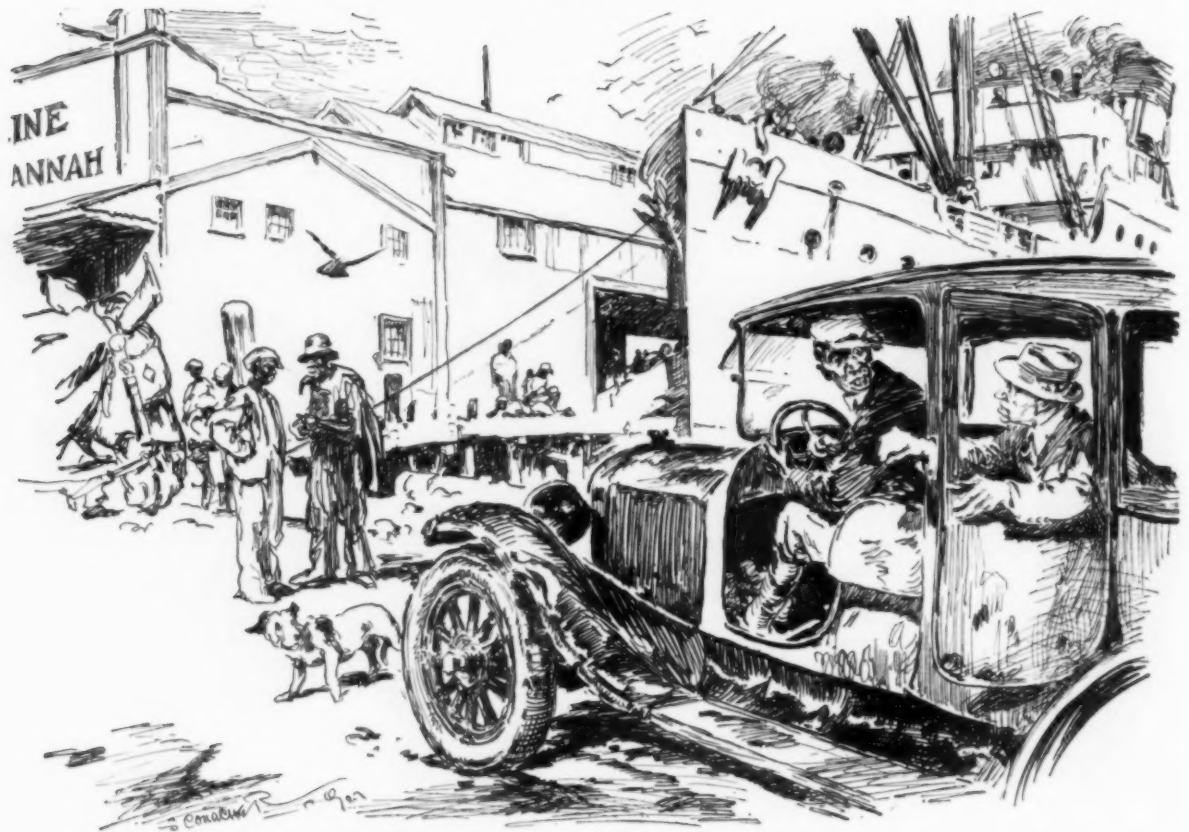
Variety

HE (in a Palm Beach hotel): What do you do for amusement here?

SHE: We read the weather reports for the rest of the country.



The Lady: YES—HE'S CUTE, ALL RIGHT. BUT HAVEN'T YOU GOT THE SAME MODEL ON A SHORTER WHEELBASE?



"DAMMIT! DRIVER, YOU'VE BROUGHT ME TO THE WRONG DOCK AND I HAD EXACTLY TIME TO CATCH MY BOAT."

"NOW AIN' DAT TOO BAD, BOSS! JES' DE SAME, BOSS, DE PLACE WHEAH DIS BOAT GWINE— IT'S A MAH'TY NICE PLACE TER GO."

How to Correct That Slice

(According to the Experts)

SLICING is caused by hunching the left shoulder and biting the tongue as one pivots on the right heel preparatory to flexing the deltoid muscles for the drive. It can be corrected by a firmer grasp on the handle of the club and by grasping the club more loosely. A steel ingot soldered to the head of the club will obviate a tendency to slice which is often caused by using a club too heavy in the head. If you have trouble keeping your drives straight, always wear spiked golf shoes which are not nearly as good as bedroom slippers or rubber boots in correcting a tendency to slice. Always take a very full swing at the ball but never raise the club above the level of the hips. In addressing the ball, be sure to keep it at an equal distance from each foot. A handy working rule is to have the

ball two inches from the toe of the right foot and a yard from the heel of the left foot. A slice is one of the simplest faults in golf to correct and is absolutely impossible to overcome.

R. L.

Travel Broadens One

"**MADGE** seems to get a great deal out of her travels, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she can tell you the name of every Pullman car she's slept in."



At the Whippet Races

Dick: DO YOU THINK THAT DOG WILL WIN?

Doris: I DON'T KNOW; I'M JUST WAITING TO SEE WHO'S GOING TO RIDE IT.

PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-ONE

The Family: HAVEN'T YOU ALWAYS SAID YOU COULDN'T BE BRIBED TO TOUCH THAT MACHINE? AND NOW HERE YOU ARE TUNING IN. HOW DOES IT HAPPEN?

Father: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY... My resistance coil must have become run down.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

ELEANOR CASEY,
111 West 105th Street,
New York City.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following contestants:

J. B. BARRY, *New York City*, for the Alibi: "I'm not tuning in. I heard some one say, 'Good evening, folks,' and I started to shake hands."

ELIZABETH H. FAISLEY, *Philadelphia, Pa.*, for the Alibi: "I got tired of being a bystander so I thought I'd 'stand by'."

O. I. HANCOCK, *New York City*, for the Alibi: "I thought I would start practicing poses to use when we get television."

Mrs. C. H. KIMBROUGH, *Norfolk, Virginia*, for the Alibi: "Since you all enjoy bedtime stories I thought I would tell one."

B. HARRISON WINFIELD, *Woodcliff, New Jersey*, for the Alibi: "I'm just dialing the operator to have the service discontinued."

(The winners of ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-TWO will be announced in LIFE next week.)

Mutual

"I'D hate to live in a town like this."

"So would I, mister."

"Oh, then you're not a native?"

"Not so's you can notice it. I live two miles west of here!"



Even in the wind
Lights at a trigger press

Never a fumble, smooth as a gesture, your Douglass Lighter is ready with a light.

No preparatory moves; it lights at a mere trigger press! Precise, automatic, dependable, a Douglass is more than a smoker's accessory—it's an essential. Even in the wind, with the Douglass windshield attachment you are sure of a light. The windshield fits any Douglass Lighter, costs only \$1.

Tobacconists and jewelers display charming leather and metal cased Douglasses in the standard size from \$5. And they're showing now the new slender Silhouette models, priced from \$10 to \$1000. The Douglass Company.



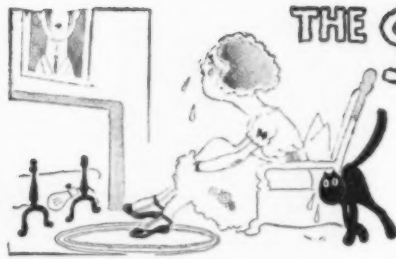
NEW

—the Silhouette Douglass. Thin! Specifically 379 thousandths of an inch thin. Slips into vest pockets (or vanities) without a bulge.

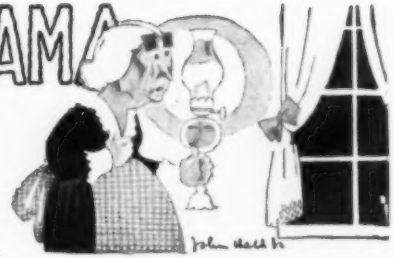
AUTOMATIC
Press the trigger—there's your light. Use Douglass Lighter Fluid or aviation gasolene.

The Douglass Lighter

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT
WRIGLEY BLDG., CHICAGO



THE SILENT DRAMA



"The Jazz Singer"

THERE is one moment in "The Jazz Singer" that is fraught with tremendous significance.

Al Jolson, appearing as a Jewish youth, returns to his old home after years of wandering around the Pantages circuit. His strictly orthodox father has disowned him because he chose to sing mammy songs in music halls rather than chants in the synagogue; his mother, however, welcomes the prodigal with open arms.

Al sits down at the piano and sings "Blue Sky" for his mother. Thanks to the Vitaphone attachment, his marvelous voice rings out from the screen, the sound agreeing perfectly with the movements of his mobile lips, the wriggling of his shoulders, the nervous tapping of his feet.

After the song, there is a brief bit of spoken dialogue and then Al

bursts into "Blue Sky" again. When he is half-way through the chorus, his father enters the room, realizes that his house is being profaned with jazz, and shouts, "Stop!"

At this point, the Vitaphone withdraws and "The Jazz Singer" returns to a routine of pantomime punctuated with sub-titles.

Such is the moment referred to in paragraph one—and when it came, I for one suddenly realized that the end of the silent drama is in sight, that I shall have to find a new name for this department, and that several attractive heading designs by John Held, Jr., will have to be thrown out.

THERE is no question of doubt that the Vitaphone justifies itself in "The Jazz Singer." Furthermore, it proves that talking movies are considerably more than a lively possibility: they are close to an accomplished fact.



"SHALL WE HAVE THE TABBLE DOTY?"
"NO, I THINK I'LL ORDER carte blanche."

"The Jazz Singer" isn't much of a moving picture, as moving pictures go. It has a good idea (taken from Samuel Raphaelson's play), but it has been hoked and sugared to a regrettable extent; and Al Jolson as an actor on the screen is only fair.

But when Al Jolson starts to sing . . . well, bring on your super-spectacles, your million-dollar thrills, your long-shots of Calvary against a setting sun, your close-ups of a glycerine tear on Norma Talmadge's cheek—I'll trade them all for one instant of any ham song that Al cares to put over, and the hammer it is, the better I'll like it.

IN view of the imminence of talking movies, I wonder what Clara Bow's voice will sound like. And I wonder whether the speeches that the Hollywood sub-title writers compose will be as painful to hear as they are to read.

Perhaps the silent drama had better remain silent until Miss Bow and the other stars have taken a few lessons in vocal culture, and until all the present sub-titlers have died or something.

"Three's a Crowd"

AMONG the more objectionable words in the English language, "elfin" stands out as the most offensive of all. Yet it is extremely difficult to review a Harry Langdon picture without using it. There's no getting away from the fact that Langdon is elfin. There's something about him that suggests a shy pixie who lives under a toadstool and weaves faëry garments from moonbeams—and that's about as far as I care to go with this terribly embarrassing metaphor.

"Three's a Crowd," his latest comedy, isn't really a comedy at all, in the accepted movie sense. It's something out of Hans Andersen or Grimm, and so delicately fragile

that it is in constant danger of being blown off the screen by some passing gust from the ventilating machines.

In spite of this, or probably because of it, I found "Three's a Crowd" infinitely touching, tender and soothing, and I think that Harry Langdon is a beautiful character, even if he is an elf.

The Seventh Round

HAVING expressed my dissatisfaction with the U. S. Government for preventing me from seeing the Tunney-Dempsey fight pictures, I went to Detroit, and there they were, in full view. How they got from Illinois into Michigan is some one else's business, but I had the great satisfaction of observing that Tunney had emerged completely from dreamland and was ready to stand up and go on with the fight after the count of two in the seventh round.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

(The following pictures, previously reviewed in LIFE, are recommended.)

Sunrise. Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien in an extraordinary combination of realism and fantasy, directed by F. W. Murnau.

College. A thoroughly cuckoo Keaton comedy.

Carmen. Dolores Del Rio is practically ideal as the celebrated cigarette girl.

The Student Prince. As directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and played by Ramón Novarro and Jean Hersholt, this is a legitimate tear-squeezer.

Service for Ladies. A fly, flip and intelligent farce, with Adolphe Menjou.

Underworld. George Bancroft in a horribly grueling crook melodrama.

Chang. Real animals, a real jungle and a great many real thrills.

The Garden of Allah. Rex Ingram's latest and most beautiful production.

The King of Kings. The Gospels with De Mille trimmings.

Seventh Heaven. Janet Gaynor's triumph.

The Way of All Flesh. Indicating that Emil Jannings is flourishing on American soil.

Stark Love. A supremely powerful drama of actual life in the Carolina mountains.

The Patent Leather Kid. Richard Barthelmess as a prizefighter who wanted to remain neutral.

What Price Glory. Raoul Walsh's worthy adaptation of America's greatest play.

Wings. The amazing activities of our Air Force in France, pictured with brutal frankness.

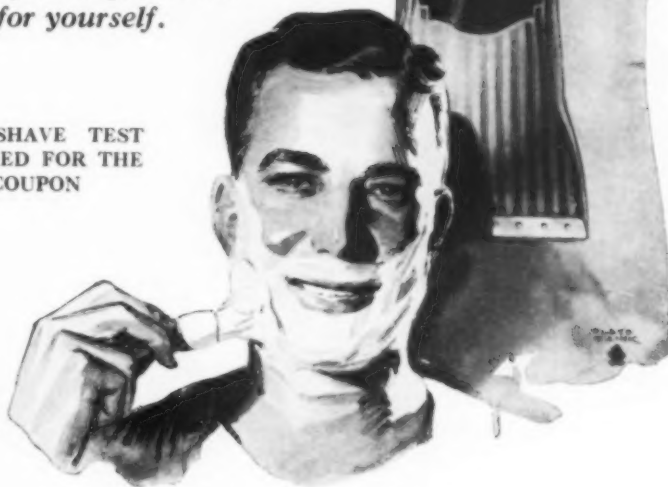
The Callahans and the Murphys. There seems to have been some mistake.

**A \$2500.00
PRIZE CONTEST
will be announced soon!**

It's in This Tube, Men

The supremacy we do not ask you to believe until you've proved it for yourself.

A 10-SHAVE TEST OFFERED FOR THE COUPON



GENTLEMEN:

Ask your druggist, and he will probably tell you Palmolive Shaving Cream is his fastest seller.

Countless men have written praising it; sales figures are amazing. Our years of experimenting have been crowned with success. We believe we will win you, too.

But before we ask you to buy a tube, we wish Palmolive Shaving Cream to prove its own case on your beard. Hence we offer a 10-shave test, free. Just use coupon.

* * *

Sixty years of soap study stand behind our laboratories. 130 formulas were tried before we succeeded in this unique creation. 1000 men had told us what they sought—5 things a

shaving cream should accomplish. They set our goal!

What we have accomplished is in the trial tube we send you. The unvarying qualities that have won men by the millions. If we win you, you'll thank us for the test. If not, return to what you've been using.

Test these 5 improvements

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Ask for this free test. Shave 10 times and learn why men adopt it. Words can't win men to quit their former shaving cream for this.

Make this test yourself. Cut out the coupon to remind you.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.



10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive
After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1401, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Here are new delights for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Teacher (to pupil staring at new boy):
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, CHARLES-JOHN?

Charles-John: DUNNO—BUT I'LL TAKE A
PEEK IN MY BIOLOGY BOOK.

—Kasper (Stockholm).

Inside Problem

We have always felt that too little of what goes on in big business conferences ever leaks out. Therefore, we are happy to be able to report one occurrence of which we got wind this week. The problem was that of relations with a certain



She: IT WAS AN UNLUCKY DAY WHEN WE MARRIED EACH OTHER.
He: THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. IT'S THE ONLY DAY WE WERE HAPPY.

—Tribuna Illustrata (Rome).

concern. "As I see it," said one executive, "our best plan is to ignore them utterly for two or three months. That will bring them round." The suggestion was heartily indorsed by all save one hesitant conferee. "Yes," he said, "but how are we going to get word to them that we are ignoring them?" — *New Yorker*.

A Golfer's Day

GOLF is said to have had a marked effect in promoting early rising. At the height of the season a golfer has to be up at sunrise in order to get down to the office in time to leave.

—Detroit News.

Changing New York

THE Bowery is now a legend and Fifth Avenue is rapidly transforming itself into a Suit and Cloaka Maxima.

—American Mercury.

Pariah Breed
A FRIEND stopped to chat with Joe Frisco, the stuttering comic hooper. He told Joe about buying a police dog.

"How much did it cost?" asked Frisco.

"Thirty-five bucks," was the reply.

"C-can't be a police dog at that price," said Frisco. "Must be a stool pigeon."—*Variety*.

"BUT I wanted a mannish hat. This isn't mannish enough."

"That's a man's hat, miss."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



"YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, JEANNE—YET I'VE TOLD YOU EVERY LIE THAT LOVE CAN INSPIRE IN A DEVOTED HEART."

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

As Good as a Feast

AMONG the things that the Kemp Expedition learned about whales was that the people in the Antarctic regions can subsist wholly on whale meat. One can imagine a Grytvickian saying, "Give me a good whale and a cup of coffee and I could make a meal off it."

—*New York World*.



"TAKE CARE, JIMMIE DEAR, THERE COMES A TOOT-TOOT."

"THAT'S NO TOOT-TOOT—IT'S A HISPANO-SUIZA SUPER-SIX DE LUXE."

—*Söndagsnisse-Strix (Stockholm)*.

"I confess I was baffled. How could the person have escaped from the room when the door was locked on the inside and the window carefully shattered?"—*From a Novel*.

My dear Watson!

—*Humorist (London)*.

APOLOGIES to Kipling—"I've taken my fun where I've found 'it.'"

—*New York Graphic*.



The King of the Island: WELL, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU BOYS NOT TO FOOL WITH THE EATABLES?

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

Taking No Chances

WHEN Howard Thurston is giving his magic show to children, he loves to produce a small rabbit which, in pretending to wrap up for a small girl, he switches for a box of candy.

The audiences usually note the child's disappointment and sympathize with her, but rabbits are too hard to find to be given away at each performance.

In a later part of the performance Thurston uses a big lion.

"Would you like to have this nice lion as a pet?" the magician asked a small girl one afternoon.

The child nodded her head, but a warning voice came from the gallery:

"Hey, kid, don't let him wrap that up!"—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

His Honor Fozzles

WE know well enough what he meant, but what the new country magistrate actually said in his address was: "So long as I am on the bench you can rely upon me always tampering with justice and mercy."—*Boston Transcript*.



The Day of Rest

"NOWADAYS A FATHER OF A FAMILY HAS TO DO MORE WORK ON SUNDAY THAN ALL THE REST OF THE WEEK!"
—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich)*.

False Dawn

A SCOTSMAN was entertaining a guest for the night. The evening was spent in weighty conversation, no offer of liquid refreshment being made. About 10:30 the host said suddenly, "Now how about a wee deoch-an-doris, eh?" The guest rubbed his hands and chuckled, "Splendid!" So the host, smiling genially, rose and put Sir Harry Lauder's celebrated song record on the gramophone.

—*Liverpool Echo*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Concentration

A WRITER was nearing the end of his most exciting story when his wife burst into the room with the cry:

"Joe, the house is on fire! The firemen are pounding on the door!"

"That's all right, dear," he replied. "Just tell them I'll soon be finished."

—*American Legion Monthly*.

"George Howard sawed wood Monday afternoon, Joe Machimer doing the sawing."—*Tip-ton (La.) Conservative*.

PROBABLY HOWARD furnished the wood; that's fair enough.—*New Yorker*.

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THAT TOUCH OF MANNER—HINT OF PERSONALITY WHICH IS UNMISTAKABLY YOURS—CAN BE CAUGHT IN A BACHRACH PORTRAIT TO BE CHERISHED BY A FEW FORTUNATE FRIENDS AT CHRISTMAS.

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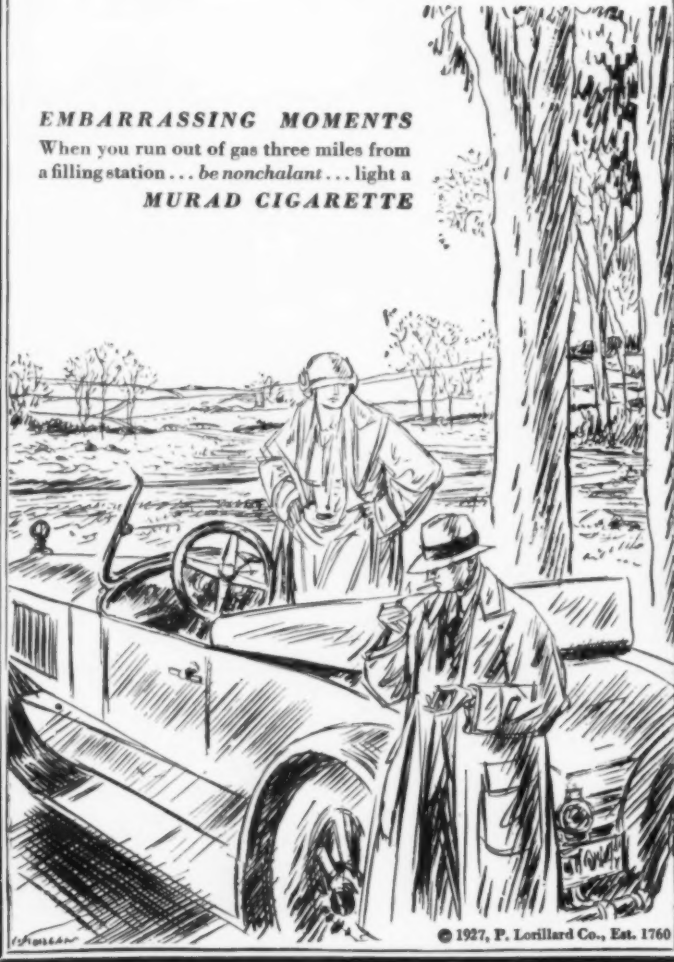
MURAD

For those who feel entitled to life's better things

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you run out of gas three miles from a filling station . . . be nonchalant . . . light a

MURAD CIGARETTE



© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

Going Too Far

A CITY magnate the other day summoned his manager.

"Look here, Robinson," said he. "You'll have to talk to that new fellow Jones you took on as shorthand typist."

"Why, what's the matter with him?" said Robinson. "I know he stutters rather badly, but you said—"

"I said I didn't mind that, but look at this—" The magnate held out a letter which read: "In referencence to yours of the 8th ult. . ."

Then he continued: "Stuttering on the typewriter I simply won't stand."

—*London Daily Chronicle.*

A TON of advice isn't worth as much to you as one good, honorable mistake.

—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Economy

ALL eagerly I take
For thrift's mean sake
Such favors, fugitive,
As you deign give,
And prize as rich largesse
Your swift caress.

What though a careless kiss
Bestowed like this
Vanishes from your thought
Valued at nought!
Since I can claim no more
From your fair store
Than this warm stock-in-trade
Too cheap to be weighed,
I snatch each indolent gift
For very thrift.

—*Robert D. FitzGerald, in
The Bulletin (Sydney).*

The Jimtown Weekly

CHRIS LUCAS declined an invitation last week to spend a month in Possum Flat with his aunt Lizzie who keeps a one-ash-tray house.

Mrs. Joe Moneyheffer decided last week that she was unable to do her own housework so she hired a Swedish girl to help her be unable.

Last week the Widow Larkin got a bill from a bootlegger for the liquor which killed her husband. That's the height of something or other, we forget what.

Little Bobby Jenks dodged Sunday school last week and got two sunfish, two carp, two little catfish and a whale of a licking from his dad.

Bud Sykes, whose parents were so careful in bringing him up and laid awake nights figuring ways to make him a model youngster and wouldn't let him play with other boys for fear he'd hear foul language, is out of jail again this week.

—*Barrie Payne,
Publishers' Syndicate (Chicago).*



4 out of 5 Ignore the Truth

Pyorrhoea ravages health and youth. Its poison sweeps through the system often causing rheumatism, neuritis, stomach troubles, even facial disfigurement.

Don't fear these uneven odds. Safeguard health. See your dentist at least twice a year and start using Forhan's for the Gums.

This dentifrice, containing Forhan's Pyorrhoea Liquid used by dentists everywhere, prevents Pyorrhoea or checks its course if used in time. It keeps them lustrous white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Start using Forhan's. Teach your children to use it. They'll like its taste. At all druggists —35c and 60c.

*Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York*

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
.. IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

read **Life** regularly — EVERY week!

A CROSLLEY
advertisement as
it might be written
by Milt Gross

A CRUSSLEY BIMBOX

Hm—Mrs. Feitlebaum sotch a ridios! Sotch hindsome. Sotch wolume. Sotch a preece. A Crussley Bimbox. Sotch eggstement wid de Dam See Toonick on da ridio. Mine Looey, dat dope, breengs home dees Bimbox. Witt 25 already ridios in de flit he hich from the roofs the Eli Eli. I tott of youre ridio Mrs. Feitlebaum diss was was so deeffront. All de brudcustards was polites. We lissen to de worse off Sent Looey widout heering no Newyorak Stashions like your ridio Mrs. Feitlebaum. Sotch slick tifffans says Mauriss.



Looey hexplains hit to his fadder who looks but cant lissen.

Sotch shilding witt goils—wit corn dancers—wit wires. Sotch balance—a ril nootrodime. Wit wan dile it turns, ha! Looey, dat dope, he get de weef stashion, Sotch nimes day geeve dees ridio stashions. Wo can spik dem.



Sotch more stashions it gets—witt Bosting witt Speatsburgh witt Sensen Attic with Xhecocoo sotch brudcustink.

Und the illuminum dile from the darkness in de corners perhaps fur sotch carryinks on wid de lights out, ha!

Sotch a grend effening Mrs. Feitlebaum we had by de ridio! Sent it back to Ludwig Baumans I sad Looey und get de down payment beck—we can't afford sotch hexpensive ridios.



Be myselfish sad Looey aint it cost bot \$55. From sotch Mrs. Feitlebaum your ridio is wort must 55 sents.

Nize baby, ate opp all de Crim from whit. So, Is'dore (SMACK) you become a ridio hopper hater with a hammer. (SMACK)

Write Dept. 51 for descriptive literature.

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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 13)

and substance, but so heavy that I was minded of the young woman in LIFE who stopped reading the *Saturday Evening Post* in bed for fear that it would fall upon and kill her should she doze off.

October 5th The weather unseasonably warm, putting me in a fury for having laid

out so much for summer apparel which I did have no chance to wear, but I suppose that if the concessionaires at the various beaches can bear up without suicide, it does behoove me to do the same. My husband, poor wretch, full of untimely conversation this morning, wherein, remembering the exhortations of the Rev. Randolph Ray, I did humour him, albeit my true interest lay with the personal intelligence columns and the adventures of Little Orphan Annie, and he did range from cravats to culture with no difficulty soever, remarking, apropos of the latter, that, taking concomitant things into consideration, his idea of a cultured man one who had read "Peregrine Pickle," adding, none too modestly, "And I have!" Up, doing on my dark blue georgette against the humidity, and out to buy a wedding present for George Camming, whom I detest so honestly that I should like to send him a set of log furniture, but whose connection with Sam requires us to give him something considerably better than a mustard pot. Walked home through the town, bravely crossing all the streets with traffic lights and policemen, but when I did reach Lexington Avenue the prospect was too alarming, so I did shamelessly hail a taxi to transport me the remaining half square. A fine home dinner this night of caviar and tomato canape, beefsteak hash, mushrooms with rice and green peas, and then to the playhouse, which is splendid theatre for all who can forget the premises on which it is based, which, thank God, I am always cheerfully able to do.

Baird Leonard.

Final Version

IT seems there were two Irishmen named Ole and Sven, who had just seen the widow drop her mite in the collection box. Ole started to appropriate it.

"Bedad an' bad cess, lay off," counseled Sven. "Thot mite be Lon Chaney."

EDDIE GUEST says: "The verse with the smile wins."



Le Jade

A gift of fragrance at Christmas is more than just a present; for the fragrances of Christmas are inseparable from its sentiment.

Especially appropriate for Christmas are Roger & Gallet's Gift Boxes and Perfumes. Works of art in fragrance, in beautiful boxes, ultra-modern in French color and design. Three sizes. Priced from \$6 to \$12.

Offered in the fragrances of

Pavots d'Argent

SILVER POPPIES

Le Jade Fleurs d'Amour

THE PRECIOUS PERFUME FLOWERS OF LOVE

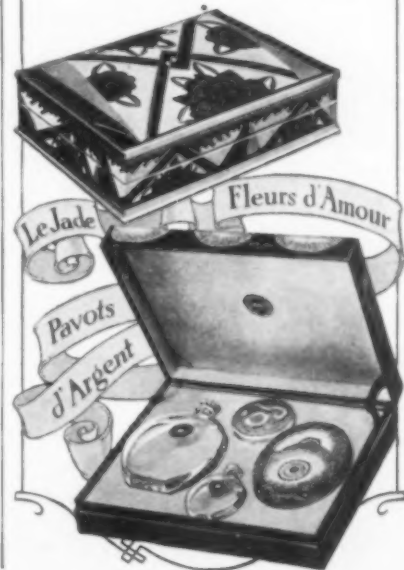
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KEEPING UP WITH THE YOUNGER CROWD!



THEY play so well and fleetly, they dress so well, they live so — *intelligently!* From favorite sports-motor to best-liked cigarette, it's no small compliment to earn their custom — for *keeping up with the younger crowd means keeping ahead of the rest!*



The most skillful blend in cigarette history

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Revived

A LANDLORD wrote to his tenant: "DEAR SIR,—I regret to inform you that my rent is much overdue. Will you kindly forward me a cheque?"

Back went the reply: "DEAR SIR,—I see no reason on earth why I should pay your rent. I can't pay my own."

—*London Evening News.*

GROW TALLER



Science has found the way to add inches to your height. No need to envy and look up to the big fellows. No need to have the disadvantages of the little man. This course makes it possible for you to be on a level with your fellow men. Course is easy, inexpensive and results sure. Mail coupon for free information today!

L. GLOVER
Dept. A39, 70 Buikley Ave.,
Sausalito, Calif.

Without any obligation to me, send me full information on how to grow taller.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

Just the Thing

LITTLE BOY (*entering book store*): What's the price of the book in the window, "How to Captivate Men"?

BOOK DEALER: That's no suitable book for you, my boy. What do you want to buy that one for?

LITTLE BOY: I'd thought of giving it to my father for a birthday present—he's a policeman.—*Karikaturen (Oslo).*

Brief Possession

"HAE ye lost yer ba', Jamie?"

"Ay, Wullie, I hae."

"Was it a guid un, Jamie?"

"Aye, it was a guid un, and I wodna care but I only fun' it last Saturday."

—*Metropolitan Golfer.*

SYLVIA, aged six, who has a great liking for long words but who does not always get them right, was heard to exclaim to her baby sister, "Oh, dear, how aggravoking you are!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Raison d'Être

AN old lady in black passed down the street. The sun looked sideways at her under her black and grim umbrella.

She was gaunt and terrifying. She was covered in black, all except her face, and there seemed no excuse for leaving that out.

In fact, there seemed no reason at all for her existence. Why should she exist? Why should she be allowed to exist?—an ugly, dingy old woman!

Then came flying after her a slim figure in bois-de-rose; all bois-de-rose; all slim; all flying! Nineteen or twenty. And hung on her arm! Her legs were the last word in legs; her face the most mischievous thing in faces!

And then you knew why the old lady existed. Then you knew why even the sun wanted to look under that black and grim umbrella.

—"Lynette," in *The Bulletin (Sydney).*

For the Fatted Calf, Probably

DISCOVERED in an Ohio newspaper: "Mrs. Annabelle Compton and son William entertained at their home with a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Shore and daughter. The other guests were: 1 Gallon Cow Spray, 50 cents, at Hornungs."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE other day a bird was hit by a plane, and it won't be long before birds will be the pedestrians of the air.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*



A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



You Can't Comb Out Dandruff



LIQUID ARVON

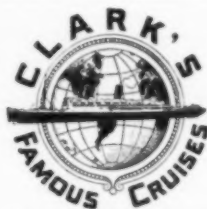
"All the Wanted Colors"

WHEN it becomes a pleasure and a duty
To render homage, as they say, to
beauty;
When it's desired to spend both time
and money
Selecting something that will tickle
Honey,
Where does one go?
Why, where do you suppose?
Straight to the counter that is labeled
"Hose."

* * *
'Tis the voice of the salesgirl, I hear
her declare:
"These hose are the latest, six dollars
the pair,"
And it all seems so simple, until she
inquires:
"What color best suits the dear lady's
desires?"
And then, with a glibness that makes a
man wince,
She reels off the names of the best-
selling tints:

"We have moonlight and shadow,
Gunmetal and peach,
French nude and French bisque,
Froth and sawdust and bleach,
Aloma and atmosphere,
Sunset and fawn;
We have oyster and melon,
Pearl blush and gray dawn;
There is evenglow, amber,
Marron and champagne,
Straw and pandora,
Illusion and grain.
In fact, there's no color,
No shade, that we lack...
Though of course you don't want it,
We even have black!"

* * *
Right here, by the exit that's nearest
and handy,
One dashes out madly—and buys her
some candy!
—S. K., in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.



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125 days, \$1250 to \$3000

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to Japan and China, India, Egypt, Palestine
and Greece. Stop-over longer in Europe in the
spring season.

Mediterranean
65 days, \$600 to \$1700
ss "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 25

24th cruise, specially featuring Spain, 15 days Palestine, Egypt and Rome. Many other important visits too. Stop-over in Europe if desired.

4th Annual Summer Cruise to Norway and Western Mediterranean; June 30; 52 days; \$600 to \$1300

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Chew **D**ENTYNE
.. and smile!



PEOPLE always notice your teeth when
you smile. Don't let them grow dull or discolored.
Chew delicious Dentyne and keep your teeth snowy
white. You'll love the Dentyne flavor.

• KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE •

The Purist

A FRIEND tells me that during the war
he was billeted in a certain village
which had a charming river meandering
by its outskirts. Here, in the bed of
the stream, a stern-faced man cultivated
a splendid crop of watercress.

My friend, in anticipation of afternoon
tea, sent his batman one Sunday to
buy some watercress. He found the cultivator
hard at work in the middle of the
stream.

"I want sixpennyworth of watercress,"
said the batman.

"No," said the cultivator; "I ain't
open on Sundays."

—London Daily Chronicle.

An Easy One

"I wish," said the school inspector,
after asking many questions, "that I was
a little boy at school again. Do you
know why?"

From the back came a hoarse little
voice: "Cos you've forgotten all you
ever learned."

—London Evening News.

STOPS



SEA SICKNESS

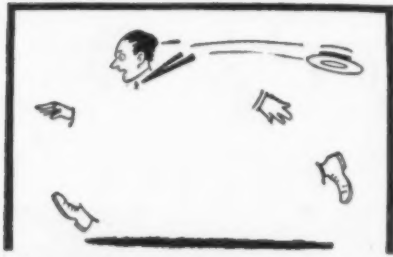
—in the roughest waters. This ap-
palling nausea is unnecessary suf-
fering. Mothersill's prevents Travel
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Train, Auto, Car or Air.

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The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
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is the title of our illustrated booklet, which we will give free to every one who sends in a drawing for criticism. It tells about illustrating as a profession and shows the work of artists and students. **TEST YOUR ABILITY.** Complete the drawing above in pen or pencil. Fill out the coupon below and mail it with your drawing. Get this free criticism, **TODAY.**

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Please send your free book, "A Road to Bigger Things," together with criticism on my drawing.

Name Age

Occupation

Address

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LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty years. In that time it has expended \$385,648.79 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 50,071 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

All contributions should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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From a city-dweller, Philadelphia.....	5.00
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Jane E. Herrmann, Washington, D. C.....	2.00
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Mrs. Hoyt E. Hayes, Cleveland.....	25.00
Lansing Pfluke, Utica, N. Y.....	10.00
Paul Maloney, Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y.....	5.00
"From Powder & Lulu Belle".....	20.00
Mrs. Fletcher Clark, Jr., Middleboro, Mass.....	5.00
R. H. A., Bangor, Me.....	20.00
Mrs. C. U. Funk, Philadelphia.....	10.00
From a children's play and candy sale at East River, Conn.....	17.80
"The Missing Links Golf Club," North Hero, Vt.....	75.00
Mrs. Charles Blount, New York.....	25.00
S. McKean Bayard, Philadelphia.....	20.00
John E. Jardine, Pasadena, Calif.....	10.00
Mrs. E. S. Beck, Long Beach, Calif.....	10.00
Richmond Mayo-Smith, Dedham, Mass.....	25.00
Mrs. Mary L. Fosdick, Fitchburg, Mass.....	5.00
John Grant, Los Angeles.....	5.00
Caroline Dargan, Raleigh, N. C.....	10.00
Etta & Harrison Burgess, West Newton, Mass.....	10.00
Wendell Cox, Tampico, Mexico.....	20.00
Mrs. J. G. Rosenberg, Rochester, N. Y.....	10.00
R. B. G., Hartford, Conn.....	10.00
C. D. G., Vancouver, Can.....	7.00
E. Devlin, Ottawa, Can.....	1.00
Mrs. Edward C. Platt, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	10.00
Henry Duffy, San Francisco.....	10.00
In memory of A. M., Elmira, N. Y.....	20.00
Campers of Po-ne-mah, South Kent, Conn.—Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Allen, Directors.....	80.00
"Rip Van Winkle," Nutley, N. J.....	20.00
Brett S. Nichols, New York.....	10.00
Proceeds of sale held by "Children of Little's Point," Swampscott, Mass.....	2.58
Scheck Adv. Agency, Newark, N. J.....	5.00
Stephen & Marian Bartell, Perkins, Calif.....	5.00
	\$41,264.61

Infinitesimal

An Eastern scientist tells us that the smallest thing in nature is the etheron, which is as much smaller than an atom as a grain of sand is smaller than a grapefruit. This solves one domestic problem for us. We can hand down that last year's wool sweater which accidentally got into the wash.

—Detroit News.

"I AM endeavoring—" Young daddy gazed fondly at his baby son. "—to train him up in the way I should have gone."—Kansas City Star.

SLOGAN of a plastic surgeon: "We main to please."

—Leesburg (Fla.) Commercial.



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Hawaii

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\$15,000⁰⁰ in cash prizes for a slogan about WOOD

Read the fascinating story of Nature's most friendly and useful material. Know more about its beauty, durability and economy. Learn the truth about America's vast and permanent supply of timber. Then send us your slogan!

This message may mean \$5,000 to you. And remember that these slogan contest prizes are seldom won by professional writers or technical experts. Nearly always the winners are people who never expected to win. So do not skip anything—not one word.



No timber shortage

Almost everyone has been induced to believe that this country is confronted by an acute shortage of timber. This is not true.

In fact, Col. William B. Greeley, U. S. Forester, urges the nation to "Use wood and conserve the forests." For timber is a *crop*. It needs to be cut when ripe. Failure to do so means *waste*.

There is enough standing timber in the United States today to build a new six-room house for every family in this country, Canada, South America, all of Europe and the entire British Empire! And the *additional* lumber supplied by the *yearly growth* of standing trees would build a continuous row of these houses along both sides of a street reaching from New York to San Francisco.

These are not "opinions" but *facts* backed up by extensive investigations and published reports of the United States Forest Service.

Better lumber than ever

Not only plenty of lumber—but *better* lumber! Today, *American Lumber Standards*, adopted by the industry and endorsed by the U. S. Government, give the purchaser protection he never had before.

Universal adoption of reliable standards has won for the Lumber Industry high praise from Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover.

Wood built America

Without wood there could have been no America!

Stout wooden ships brought the settlers of America across the wide stretches of the stormy Atlantic. Wood sheltered them in sturdy log cabins and wood housed their descendants in colonial mansions—many of which endure today.

Throughout the Thirteen Colonies wood built the homes, the churches, the town halls, the schools. Wood built the wharves, the warehouses, the stockades, the barns, the corn cribs, the bridges.

Later, the Forty-Niners battled their way over the long cruel trail to California in covered wagons made of wood. On ties of wood the railroads advanced unceasingly, West, East, North and South.

Uses constantly increasing

Twenty years ago there were less than 2600 commercial and industrial uses for wood. Today there are more than 4500.

From the staunch timbers in mine shafts to the buoyant strength of Lindbergh's immortal plane, wood serves mankind in countless and ever-increasing ways.

Wood endures

The oldest and most beautiful homes in America are houses built of wood. Many of them stand today, as sound in timber and beam, and *as livable*, as they were before the Revolution.

Wood endures—and the supply is enduring. It is the only one of our natural resources that *grows*. The mine becomes a gaping hole; the forest forever *renews*.

Wood is beautiful

Wood possesses a pleasing natural beauty of grain and texture that mellows and deepens with age and defies imitation. Wood can be fashioned and carved and fitted into thousands of charming designs.

And surely it is significant that the American architect prefers lumber for his own home!

Wood is friendly

Of all materials there is none so *friendly*, with such a sense of human companionship as wood. Wood is warm and alive to the touch. The handle of a tool, the steering wheel of your car, the arm of your chair, the bowl of your pipe—you like the feel of them because they are wood.

Wood is economical

Wood is stronger, pound for pound, than any other material. It is easily and cheaply fitted to special forms for special needs.

Its moderate cost is due today, in no small measure, to the elimination of waste. There is a grade of lumber for every purpose, a right wood for every need.

To inspire renewed and greater appreciation of wood, and to make more widely known its almost endless variety of uses, manufacturers of American Standard Lumber in the National Lumber Manufacturers Association are preparing an extensive educational campaign. The first thing the Association wants is a "slogan." Send your coupon *now!*

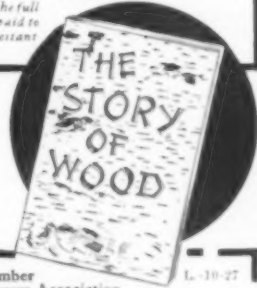
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First Prize	\$5,000
Second Prize	2,000
Third Prize	1,000
Four Prizes (each)	500
Fifty Prizes (each)	100
Total, \$15,000	

In case of tie, the full prize will be paid to each tying contestant



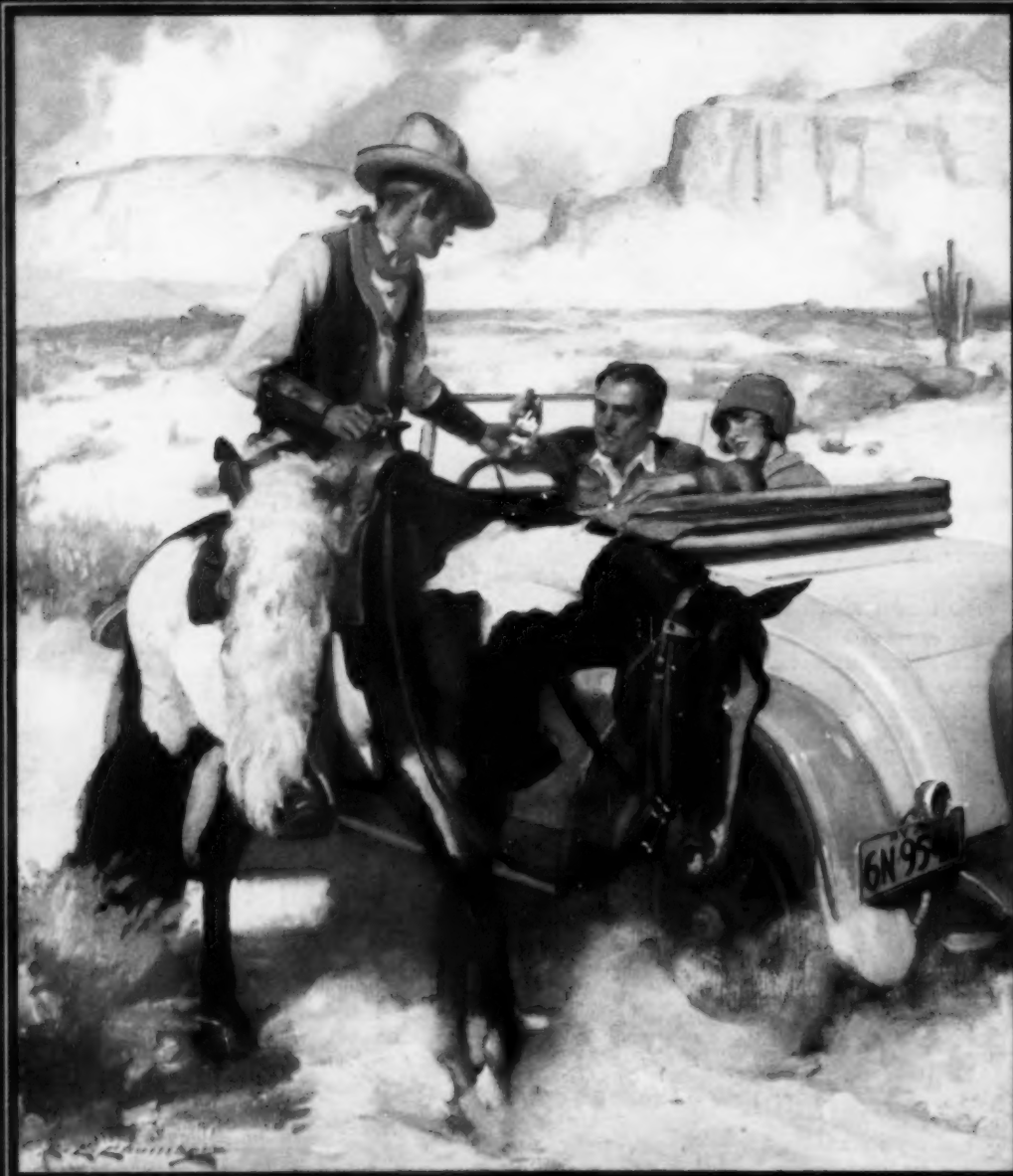
Contest
Closes
December
15th

National Lumber
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P. O. Box 811, Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:—I want to enter your \$15,000 Prize Slogan Contest. Please send me free copy of your booklet, "The Story of Wood," so that I may qualify.

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